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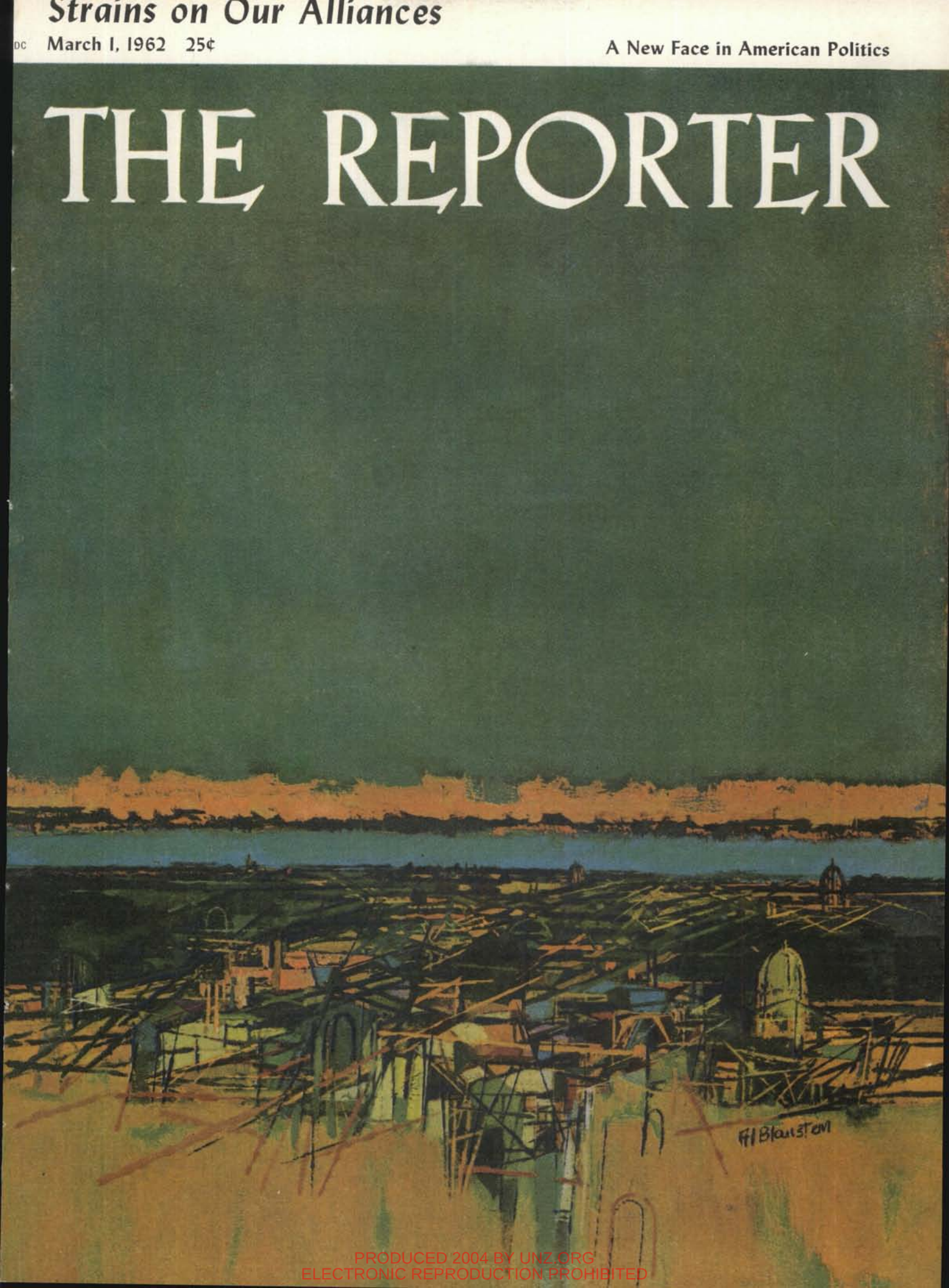

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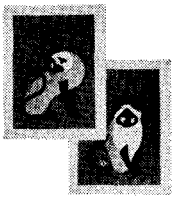

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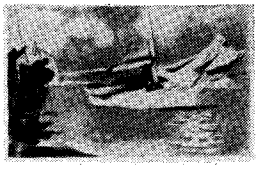

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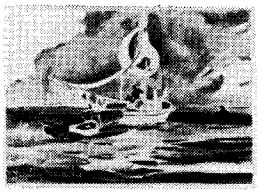

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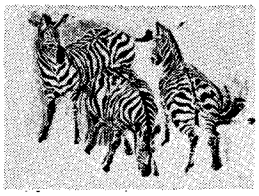

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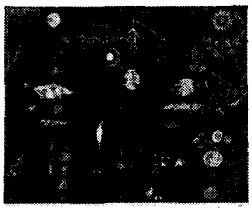

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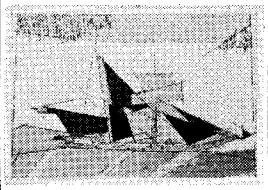

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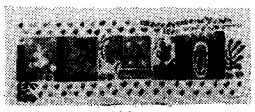

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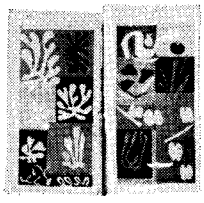

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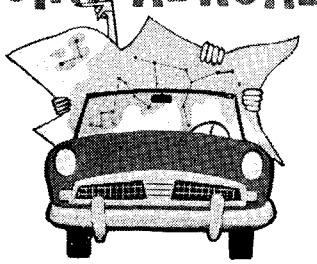

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see page 45

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE SEEMS to be not much going on these days, and yet there is a feeling that the most momentous thing could happen at any moment. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** expresses this sense of suspense and finds one among the various potentialities of the present situation particularly worrisome—the tendency toward neutralism. Needless to say, he doesn't consider neutralism in itself either good or evil, but there are about as many different kinds of neutralism as there are neutrals, and indeed there may be a shortage of what we would like to call real honest-to-God neutrals of the Swiss or Swedish or, for that matter, even the Finnish type. But the neutralism of the positive variety—a noncommittal attitude toward us accompanied by evidence of commitment toward the Soviet Union—that is something else again. Still another type, which has always been latent in Western Europe among nations of the NATO Alliance, is a sort of desire to be included out of the most risky commitments. Something of that kind may be in the making in Italy. We shall have occasion to comment on this as soon as the opening to the Left in that country, which has been announced for about ten years, is finally consummated.

We sent our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** to the Punta del Este conference. Like all correspondents who attended, he came away with the highest respect for Secretary Rusk. At the same time, however, he has his doubts about the achievements of the conference—at best they can be called negative. With the *Alianza,* our country has become inextricably involved in the internal politics of the sister republics and has assumed the formidable task of countering the Communist export of revolution with our own export of evolution. . . . Our Paris correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** discusses the latest vicissitudes of France. General de Gaulle's brave attempt to establish peace in Algeria is threatened from both Right and Left, and the leading politicians of the Fourth Republic are feverishly busy trying out combinations that might enable them to get back into power *if.* But de Gaulle is still conducting his nearly incredible balancing act, and all those people who were his predecessors and who would like to be his successors may well end like characters in search of an author.

WE BRING our readers a report on George Romney, the newest entry in American politics at the highest level. **William H. Hessler,** who is with the Cincinnati *Inquirer,* went to Detroit to interview Mr. Romney. There is certainly something very appealing about Romney, though he is too frequently compared with that truly tragic figure of American politics, Wendell Willkie. Romney is probably a more earthy and at the same time a more sophisticated man than Willkie. . . . On St. Valentine's Day, Kenyan leaders who had assembled in London began a series of constitutional talks that would, it was hoped, lead to agreement upon at least some of the problems that beset this British colony in its preparations for independence. **Jeanne Contini,** an American free-lance writer, reports from Nairobi that, hopefully, the fear of a new Congo situation will influence the Kenyans to come to some compromise on the chief issue presently dividing them: that of central versus regional government. . . . **Creighton Burns,** who is in India on leave from the Department of Political Science in Melbourne University to study the third Indian general election, describes the tangle of ritualistic considerations that are often more important to Indians than policies and programs. . . . **Barbara Carter,** a member of our staff, discusses the plight of the nation's nurses, who seem to be the forgotten members of the medical profession. . . . **Julius Duscha,** who is with the national news staff of the Washington *Post,* reviews the revived food stamp plan.

James Schevill is director of the San Francisco Poetry Center. His next book of poems will be published shortly by Alan Swallow. . . . **Nedra Tyre** is the author of *Red Wine First* (Simon and Schuster) and several detective novels. . . . **Donald A. Allan,** a new member of our staff, stands just under six feet tall in his stocking feet. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Perry Miller** is professor of American Literature at Harvard. His *The New England Mind* is now available in Beacon paperback. . . . **Massimo Salvadori,** who teaches at Smith, is the author of *Liberal Democracy* and *The Economics of Freedom* (Doubleday).

Our cover is by **Al Blaustein.**

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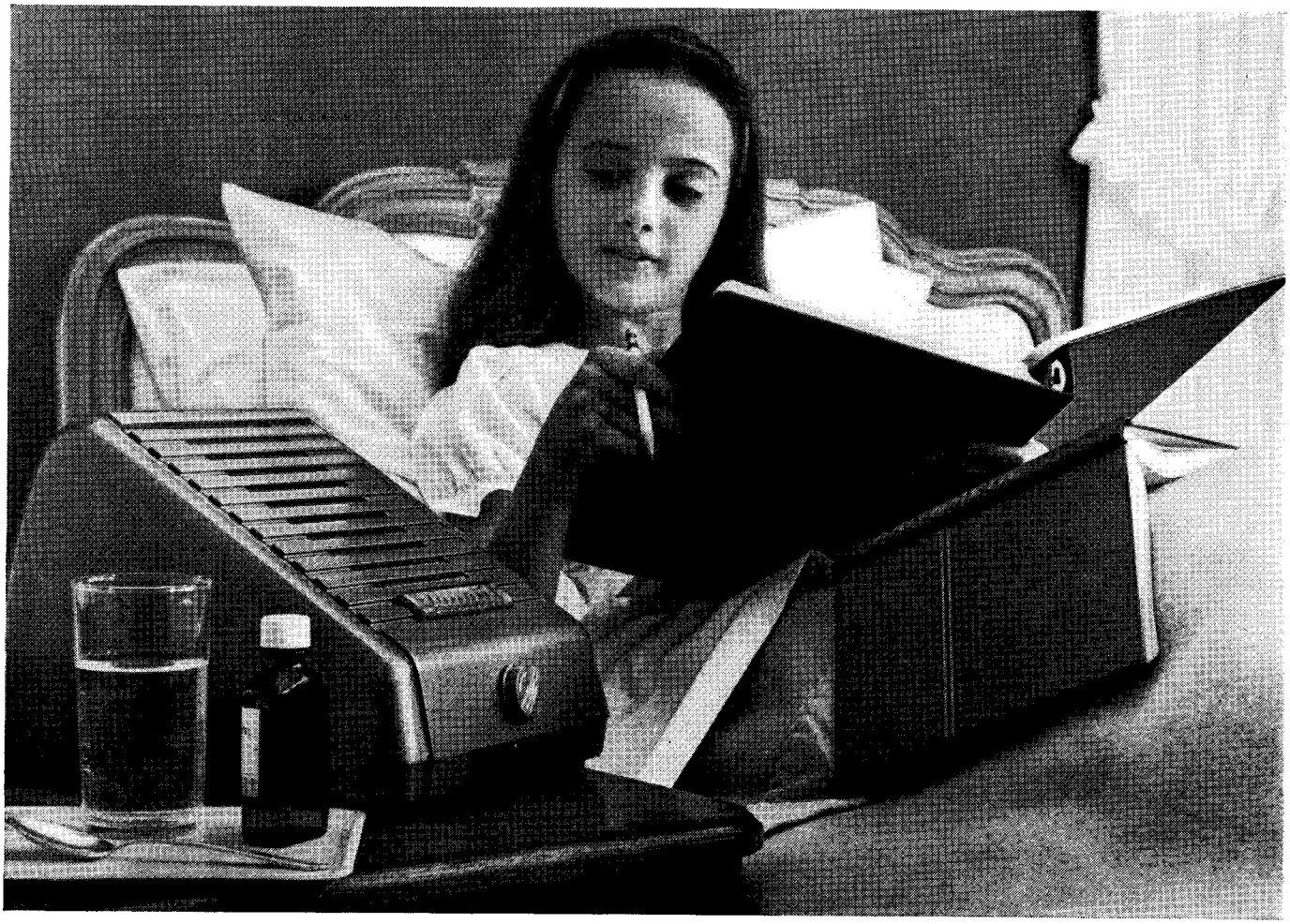

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CORRESPONDENCE

WINGLESS VICTORY

To the Editor: In "All Roads Lead to Washington" (*The Reporter,* February 1) you argue that there are no right and left wings in American politics and "we are all huddled at the Center, sometimes called dead and sometimes vital." The crack at former Professor Schlesinger delighted me, since I have been trying to convince my friends for some time that what Mr. Kennedy won was essentially a wingless victory. But the ones who call themselves liberals keep promising—or hoping?—that he will presently reveal a high-powered program for curing deflation, inflation, sunspots, Russians, and drought, while those who call themselves conservatives insist that Mr. Kennedy is already revealed as a wild-eyed fanatic who wants to lower protective tariffs and pay old people to be sick. Surely now that even Dick Nixon has disavowed poor old lonely Robert Welch and most of the Hollywood Ten are out of jail and eating regularly, it is obvious that such extremes as we may be able to muster are both puny and irrelevant. Huddled at the Center we are indeed, and Harry Truman may go down in history as the last Presidential candidate who was willing to come out for anything less platitudinous than peace and motherhood.

In order to get elected these days, a man's personality profile has to fit comfortably into a national consensus prescribed by Dr. Gallup. We all agree, but only on truths that are so self-evident as to be practically meaningless. As somebody once said, I think it's time for America to start moving ahead.

EDWARD HOMART
Boston

To the Editor: I find your suggestion that the President may some day "fully grasp the broad design of national policy" not only patronizing but unjustified by events. It is, of course, as you quite properly say, too early to put the first Kennedy administration down as a tremendous success, but by the same token I would also submit that the President's grasp of the political realities and potentialities of the nation may well turn out to be not quite so feeble as you seem to fear. You make a big point about the ages of the leaders of the New Frontier; but in your own impatience, you don't seem to appreciate a quality I find in Mr. Kennedy that is all too rare in the young—namely, patience. The problems we face, both at home and abroad, are vast ones and will be with us for a long time to come. And some of them are just plain insoluble.

Forcing a showdown—either with Khrushchev or with the House Rules Committee—would be all to easy to do, but for the wise leader who feels that time is on his side, the best fights to pick are the ones that can be won, not those that will be won by no one.

P. C. SHERWIN
Cleveland

To the Editor: It is a truly refreshing experience to come upon a publication that has not been taken over by the Hero Image Creators of the White House Rocking Chair Chapter of the Harvard Wishful Thinkers Fraternity. I am sure that it is no simple matter to resist enormous pressures of this group, and you well merit the confidence and respect of your readers.

ALFRED H. SCHULTZ
New York

PAPERBACKS

To the Editor: I cannot resist commenting on one of the points brought up by Alfred Kazin in his "How Shall I Read This Book?" (*The Reporter,* February 1). I have no quarrel with Mr. Kazin's feelings about books—for I too am a fanatic and I too see less discrimination in the selection of reprints than I would like. But I feel that the latter is far outweighed by the vast array of titles from which to choose.

A case in point is Melville. There is not, I agree, a standard American edition, but the excellently edited series published now by Kendricks is a fine contribution toward that edition. Turning to paperbacks, Mr. Kazin notes *The Confidence Man* and adds that the interested student will not have access to better books by Melville—in paper or not. Let's see: glancing at my own shelf I find three paperback editions of *Moby Dick* (Oxford, Rinehart, and Houghton Mifflin). Next to them are two paperback editions of *Typee*, one each of *Omoo, Redburn, White Jacket,* and *Pierre,* and one containing *Billy Budd* along with three other short works. *Mardi* I do not have; it is not in print to my knowledge and Mr. Kazin could guess why. I should add, as an interested student, that I also find Leon Howard's *Herman Melville* and Newton Arvin's wonderful *Herman Melville* also there on my shelf in paperback. The latter book has, on the cover, a quotation claiming it to be "the wisest and most balanced single piece of writing on Melville I have ever seen." The author of that statement is Alfred Kazin.

PHILIP H. FORD
Associate Professor of English
Portland State College
Portland, Oregon

To the Editor: Alfred Kazin is quite right when he demands complete sets of authors instead of selections and anthologies, and asks for the availability of more books. But he talks only about bookstores, while the same situation applies to libraries. Many a fair-sized

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From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1962 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:

FICTION

JUDGES LEWIS GANNETT, HERBERT GOLD AND JEAN STAFFORD ARE CONSIDERING:

Hortense Calisher, *False Entry (Little, Brown)* / George P. Eliot, *Among the Dangs (Holt, Rinehart & Winston)* / Joseph Heller, *Catch-22 (Simon & Schuster)* / Bernard Malamud, *A New Life (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)* / William Maxwell, *The Chateau (Knopf)* / Walker Percy, *The Movie Goer (Knopf)* / J. D. Salinger, *Franny and Zooey (Little, Brown)* / Isaac Singer, *The Spinoza of Market Street (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)* / Edward Lewis Wallant, *The Pawnbroker (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Joan Williams, *The Morning and the Evening (Atheneum)* / Richard Yates, *Revolutionary Road (Little, Brown)*

NON-FICTION

JUDGES LOREN EISELEY, AUGUST HECKSHER AND LOUIS B. WRIGHT ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Ardrey, *African Genesis (Atheneum)* / James Baldwin, *Nobody Knows My Name (Dial)* / Stringfellow Barr, *The Will of Zeus (Lippincott)* / John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown, *The Architecture of America (Little, Brown)* / Rene Dubos, *The Dreams of Reason (Columbia)* / Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities (Random House)* / Oscar Lewis, *The Children of Sanchez (Random House)* / Lewis Mumford, *The City in History (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Virgilia Peterson, *A Matter of Life and Death (Atheneum)* / Mark Schorer, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life (McGraw-Hill)* / Elizabeth Stevenson, *Lafcadio Hearn (Macmillan)* / Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President (Atheneum)* / Ola Elizabeth Winslow, *John Bunyan (Macmillan)*

POETRY

JUDGES LEONIE ADAMS, MARK VAN DOREN AND WILLIAM JAY SMITH ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Bagg, *Madonna of the Cello (Wesleyan)* / Philip Booth, *The Islanders (Viking)* / John Ciardi, *In the Stoneworks (Rutgers)* / H. D., *Helen in Egypt (Grove)* / Reuel Denney, *In Praise of Adam (Chicago)* / Alan Dugan, *Poems (Yale)* / Abbie Huston Evans, *Facts of Crystal (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Isabella Gardner, *The Looking Glass (Chicago)* / Horace Gregory, *Medusa in Gramercy Park (Macmillan)* / John Holmes, *The Fortune Teller (Harper)* / Denise Levertov, *Jacob's Ladder (New Directions)* / Ned O'Gorman, *Adam Before His Mirror (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / John Hall Wheelock, *The Gardener and Other Poems (Scribner)*

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WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WINNERS TUESDAY, MARCH 13

library will have *Nana* and perhaps *Germinal,* but you may have to search far and wide before finding the complete Rougon-Macquart series, of which *Nana* is not necessarily the best. Few libraries have enough space, and so many worthwhile books are thrown out just because they don't circulate enough. As we build more small suburban and branch libraries, the situation gets worse. The answer, of course, is the co-ordinated library system. Specialized and seldom used books would be kept at resource libraries, which would also answer the more difficult reference questions. The local library would have autonomy over the popular collection. It is thought that no library or library system serving fewer than 200,000 people can be viable. Access to books and other printed material is an absolute necessity in our civilization, and the number of books that must be available is increased ever more rapidly. Library systems of this kind have been started, notably in New York State. But they are really only in their beginning.

JOHN NEUFELD
East Lansing, Michigan

STRINGS, HORNS, AND DRUMS

To the Editor: It seems to be fashionable to look down one's nose at opera-house orchestras, as Roland Gelatt does in his article "Brünnhilde Rides Again" (*The Reporter,* February 1). Why *not* expect an organization of the caliber of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra to sound like the Boston Symphony? They are as carefully chosen and play equally great music. The same technical and musical demands are made but the physical demands are much greater for the opera orchestras.

If the strings sounded anemic in the Wagner operas there might be several reasons. Wagner wrote the *Ring* for a third more strings than the Met possesses, which would affect both the quality and quantity of sound. Then there is the rather full schedule the musicians are asked to perform. A comparison with Mr. Gelatt's favorite opera orchestra, the Vienna group, finds them ahead on the number of strings and far behind on the amount of work.

I believe the Met Orchestra should be complimented for its consistently high level of performance under strenuous conditions rather than castigated for some that are not as high. Even the Boston Symphony and Vienna Opera Orchestra can turn in less than perfect performances without falling on evil days. There are members in the Met Orchestra from both these groups who do not feel they have sunk as low as Mr. Gelatt thinks, nor are they ashamed to appear with such an "inadequate" orchestra. Even if the musicians' morale is not as high as it could be, the orchestra is too jealous of its reputation and professional standing to give any but the best it is capable of.

DAVID D. GREER
New York City

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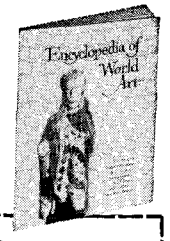

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America's Continuing Revolution
Symposium on our society in transition.
Thursday, March 1 (10-11 PM)

Of This Time, Of That Place
Burt Brinckerhoff as a gifted student in a struggle for emotional rehabilitation.
Tuesday, March 6 (10-11 PM)

Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic
Bizet's *Carmen* in the original version.
Sunday, March 11 (5-6:30 PM)

The Prince and the Pauper
Walt Disney's adaptation from Mark Twain.
Sun's, March 11, 18, 25 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Behind the Walls of Kano
Traditions of a walled Nigerian city.
Monday, March 12 (7-7:30 PM)

The Land
The American farm: problem and promise.
Tuesday, March 13 (10-11 PM)

Alcoholism
Documentary drama on a major social problem.
Wednesday, March 14 (10-11 PM)

Cops 'n' Robbers
Edward G. Robinson narrates impressions from the annals of American crime.
Sunday, March 18 (10-11 PM)

Cavalleria Rusticana
Mascagni's opera. In English.
Sunday, March 25 (3:30-4:40 PM)

The Business of Defense
Sunday, March 25 (10-11 PM)

Firewalkers of Fiji
Firewalking ritual and ceremonial fishing rites.
Monday, March 26 (7-7:30 PM)

Young People's Concert
Three works by Stravinsky.
Monday, March 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Report on Cambodia
Tuesday, March 27 (10-11 PM)

The Teen-Aged Narcotics Addict
Wednesday, March 28 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Probability and Statistics American Government COLLEGE OF THE AIR The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE ACCENT ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION MEET THE PROFESSOR DIRECTIONS '62 ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS 1, 2, 3—Go! WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

To Test or Not to Test

Joseph Alsop, the columnist and once the hair shirt of Presidents, has grown remarkably sanguine in recent days. In his Lincoln's Birthday contribution, he remarked that at long last Washington no longer represented a "Tower of Babel" with many voices and many views. Instead, Alsop found that in the dialogue between the "hard-boiled" pragmatists in matters of foreign policy and those who are "soft-boiled," the tough guys are ahead. In support of his thesis, he offers the prediction that "The crucial decision to make a series of American nuclear tests in the atmosphere will be announced as soon as the military-scientific team can complete their preparations for the tests."

The coming weeks will show whether he is right. According to informed sources, the United States will not be ready to commence serious atmospheric testing before April at the earliest (evidence of how unprepared we were for the Soviet surprise resumption last September). But on March 16, the foreign ministers of eighteen nations will gather in Geneva to make yet another try at disarmament. At the same time, President Kennedy has let it be known that all the factors for making a judgment on whether to test or not to test will be on hand by the end of February. He has also reassured the British that Christmas Island, proposed site for the major tests, will not be used before the start of the disarmament conference.

Along with Macmillan, Kennedy recently dispatched a letter to Khrushchev suggesting that "we three accept a personal responsibility for directing the part to be played by our representatives in the forthcoming talks, and that we agree beforehand that our representatives will remain at the conference table until concrete results have been achieved, *however long this may take*" (the italics are ours). But a few days later he was quick to turn down Khrushchev's suggestion that the three leaders could guarantee "personal responsibility" by being present in Geneva themselves for the opening of the talks.

It is going to take hard-boiled men indeed to maintain a consistent position while carrying on these simultaneous preparations for testing and for disarmament negotiations. Khrushchev can be expected to resort to every stratagem to muster "world opinion" against anything that would violate the new "spirit of Geneva"—until he is ready to do the violating. But the evidence, as U.S. disarmament director William C. Foster wrote to the Washington *Post*, "has become clear only in the last month that the Soviets achieved some substantial gains in their test series of last summer and fall. One more such advantage—that is, another long and intensive series, after a period of no testing on either side during which they extrapolated the results of these tests and, on that basis, secretly prepared for new tests—might actually give them a superiority in the anti-missile or other strategic areas which their military interests would find hard not to exploit."

The really important test for us, it seems, will not take place at Christmas Island but at Geneva.

Loose Talk

Against our better instincts, we have lately found ourselves wishing that the Senate subcommittee looking into the "muzzling" of the military would come up with at least one scandalous revelation. The suspense, the anticlimax, the plain embarrassment of it all, has begun to get us down. Time and again, the sinister possibilities hinted at by Senator Strom Thurmond (D., South Carolina) in last September's preliminary hearings have failed to materialize.

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Now we learn that there is no "pattern of censorship" and that the greatest cause for concern is the absence of it. According to Lieutenant General Arthur G. Trudeau, the censors are annoying precisely because they are inconsistent. Sometimes, the general complained to the subcommittee, they delete the phrase "World Communism." On the other hand, sometimes they don't. "We want to discourage the term 'World Communism,'" a censor's note explains. "It sounds very pessimistic and also, to some, pleasantly international, like the U.N." From where we stand, we would call this business editing, and not of a very high variety.

It is hard to believe that serious men have entered into this solemn editorial debate. But they have. They call it Free Speech versus Censorship, The Role of the Military in a Democratic Society, The People's Right to Know, and the subcommittee has been busy at it for the past few weeks. But laudable as many of the statements have been, they seem to us curiously remote from the material at hand.

Take one area where there has been general agreement. Military officers, it is said, are uniquely qualified by their training to understand and interpret the Communist threat. They should therefore have a role in "informing the public," as former President Eisenhower put it, to help dispel what another witness, Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, calls "insufficient general public understanding of the enemy." But how good have they been? When one starts looking through the speeches under consideration for any evidence of special understanding of Communism, one finds only a series of comparisons to the various stages of a terminal disease: "Insidious cancer," "toxic darkness," "poisonous fumes," and the like, plus "ruthless ideology," and "implacable mask." Have we learned anything?

This discrepancy between the ideal and the real—the sentiment expressed and the facts at hand—has characterized the hearings as a whole. Taking the stand to discuss what he is doing about the "horrible maelstrom of World Communism," General Trudeau avowed that his public appearances had "all been for the purpose of enlightening the public mind, both military and civilian, regarding Army R & D." The deletions from his speeches, however, showed that he had sometimes been overstating the achievements of Army Research & Development and frequently had got caught in the maelstrom of Marxism, Fabian Socialism, and related political matters. Fabian Socialists, Trudeau explained to the senators, could be more or less defined as "some of those to the left who seem to appear at various times, usually anonymously, and not in the records of Mr. Hoover as are the card-carrying Communists, who sometimes raise questions as to where we are going or where they would like us to go." Was this the result of General Trudeau's Research & Development?

In the same way, the censors charged with keeping the orators in line with national policy showed themselves inconsistent and on occasion petty and sophistical. "State

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It's Molotov, Rusk, Souvanophong,
  Megatons, Minow—but never Me.

—SEC

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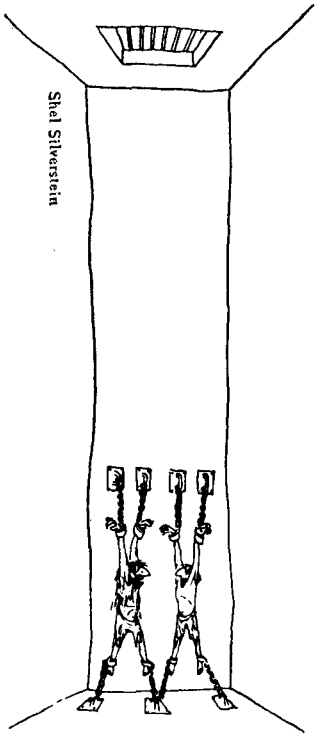

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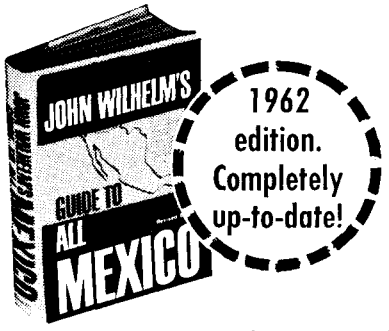

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feels diplomacy should not be compared to a card game," says one censor on the deletion of remarks about "bluff" and "penny-ante." Striking a sentence about how little the people in Communist countries can hope for, a censor explains, "They could *hope* for a lot more, that's why the Commies make hay." Our favorite bit of high-level editing was that which changed a bunch of diseased and undernourished "uncommitted peoples" to inhabitants of the world's "depressed areas."

Between the sublime and the ridiculous, at the level of everyday life, practical judgments have to be made about what and how much our military men should say on the subject of foreign policy, and what, if anything, they should say where domestic politics is concerned. That, despite the high winds blowing, is what the quarrel in Washington is about, and it is at that very practical level that Secretary McNamara hopes to solve it. He has tightened the reins on our speechmaking generals, he has tried to explain his reasons for doing so, and he has admitted that he and his reviewers can make mistakes. Initially, he tried to assume all responsibility for mistakes himself on the ground that to expose his staff to the probings of the subcommittee on specific deletions would be harmful to the department itself. There was something like relief in the air of the hearing room when McNamara finally dropped his attempt to assume wholesale responsibility for the editing practices of his subordinates and simply invoked Executive privilege. Here he was on more solid ground. One of his most worthy predecessors, former Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett, summed up the whole business of the garrulous generals and the picayune editors when he said, "I cannot escape the feeling that as a government, we tend to talk too much."

How Seedlings Grow

The Soviet Union, according to Walter Lippmann, is undergoing a modernization that is changing it "from a Byzantine despotism into what might be described as a western state in the very early phases of its development." As Lippmann sees it, the "same practical circumstances which brought the West its liberty" are today present in Nikita Khrushchev's homeland, and "seedlings of freedom are already visible above the Russian ground." Unlike some of our more excitable woodland scouts, Mr. Lippmann realizes that the seedlings will not spring into a forest overnight. "We must not forget," he observes, "how long it took our free institutions to grow from their beginnings in the Middle Ages."

This is wise counsel, but perhaps it needs to be supplemented. As we recall our history, the process has not exactly been an orderly, vegetal ripening. The practical circumstances that brought the West its liberty have rarely failed to include some elements of bloody conflict. In particular we seem to remember that at a certain stage in the evolution of many western societies the despotic monarchies that had forged them into coherent, and by contemporary standards modern, nations invariably came to appear superfluous in the eyes of their subjects, and that when the monarchs proved themselves insufficiently sensitive to the winds of change, they were apt to end up with their heads in a basket.

If Walter Lippmann is right about Russia resembling a western state in a very early phase of its development, when is the real Russian Revolution to take place?

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—New York Times.

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To pollinate
Across the sea!

Your foreign fuzz
And alien buzz
Enchanted me!

But now it seems
Our honeyed dreams
Can be no more—

A cruel state
Decrees I mate
The bee next door.

—SEC

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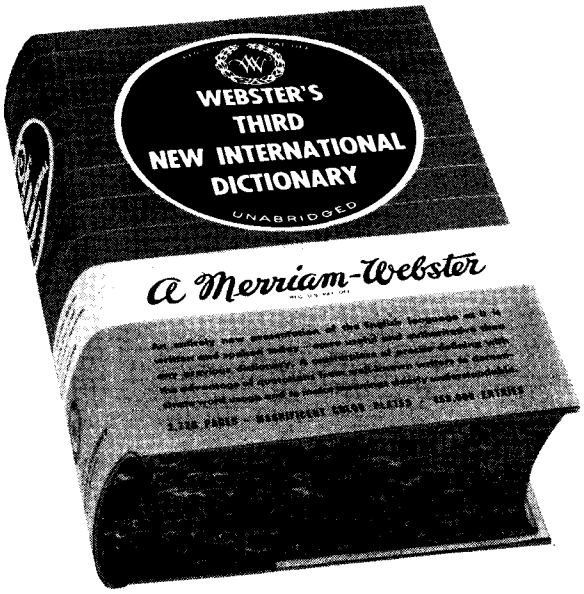

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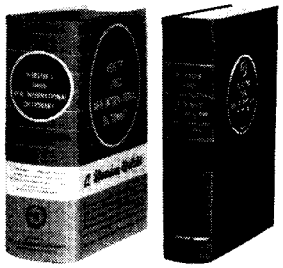

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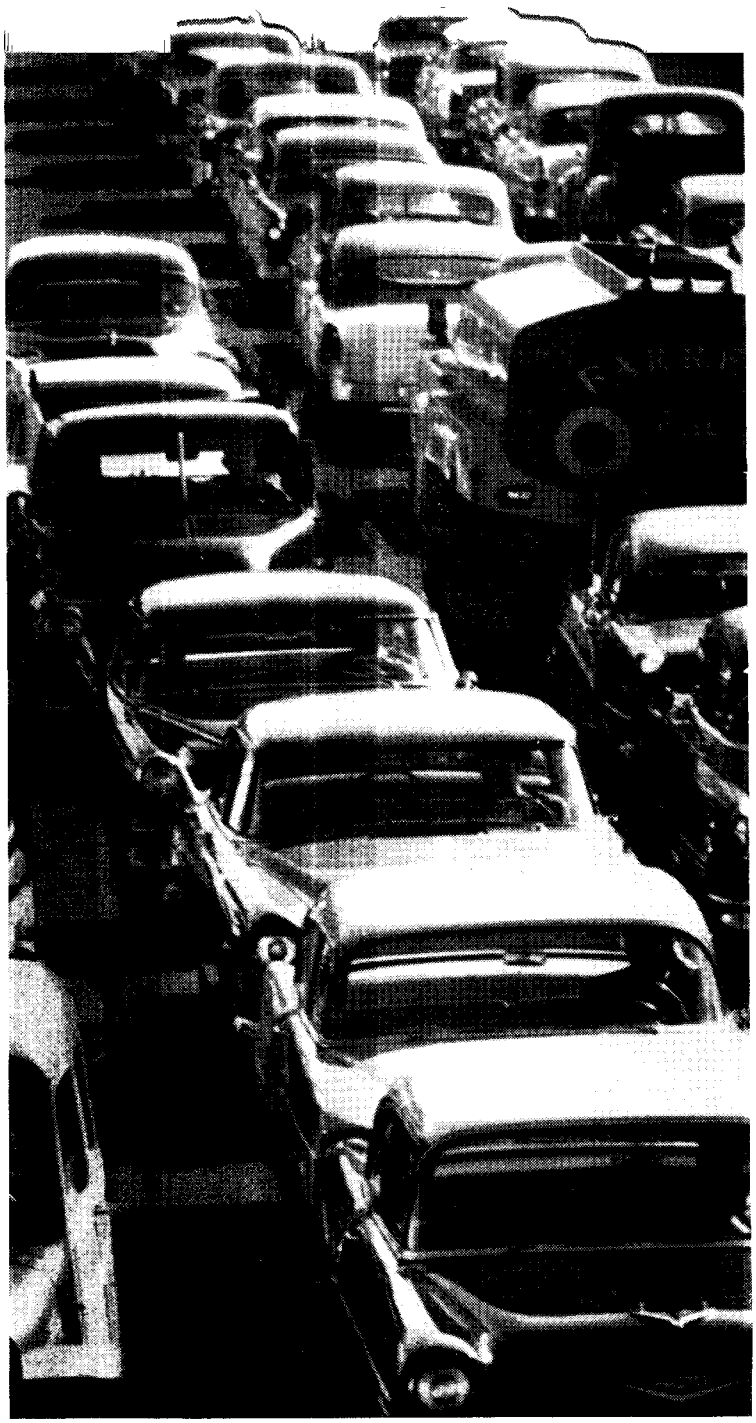

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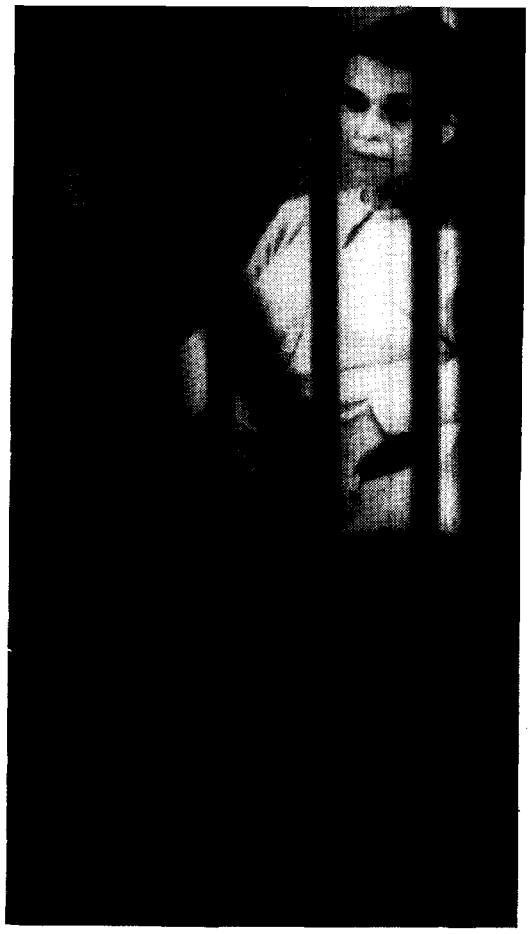

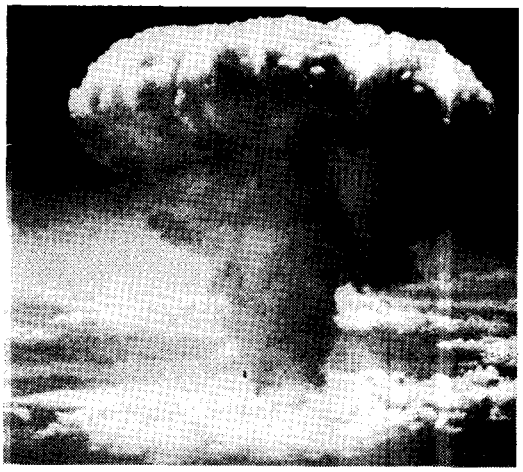

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Strains on Our Alliances

We all know even too well how much the President's admirable plans for liberalization of foreign trade and for synchronization of our economy to that of the European Common Market are in dire danger of being crippled in the committees and halls of Congress. Politicians are a traditionalist, conservative breed, distrustful of policies dictated by national or, even worse, by supranational grand designs that they fear will play havoc with the voting habits of their constituents. The way of a politician's flesh is toward some form of isolationism.

Yet we feel somehow bewildered whenever we come to realize that foreign governments, too, are beset by domestic troubles. We have assumed the function of preaching supranationalism, and probably on account of the rampaging aggressiveness of our own states' righters of the Thurmond type we have little patience with those foreign statesmen who are reluctant to rush into the more perfect unions we so warmly recommend. The most obvious instance, of course, is de Gaulle, who, while pursuing his extraordinarily risky Algerian operation, has stuck to a strongly nationalistic stand. We seem to find it hard to reconcile ourselves to the nationalism of a country that is not even underdeveloped.

These inconsistencies, the shock or impatience whenever we realize that friendly countries have, like ourselves, their freedom of action in international affairs sharply curtailed by their own domestic politics, comes from a fact that has always been with us, one that we must always live with, and be proud of. We could be more subtle in facing it, but we must respect it as a basic feature of the country we are and of what we stand for. There cannot possibly be any pro-American, pro-democratic international, operating underground or aboveground in the domestic politics of foreign countries. At the utmost, there may be some limited room for a little monkey business on the part of our secret services, but only in the most marginal situations and places. There can be none—actually there never has been any—with our major allies.

We deal with governments diplomatically, according to established patterns of reciprocal respect. We can also deal with peoples, but aboveboard and in the full light of publicity. Our Communist opponents, on the contrary, act in most foreign countries both at the diplomatic and at the domestic political level through more or less camouflaged parties they control. We, in order to influence the behavior of other nations, can only take an open, long-range gamble: we assume that our economic assistance can be properly used by a large number of backward countries and that political stability, accompanied by more or less free institutions, will follow as an extra dividend of increased popular well-being.

Unlike us, the Russians are rigidly against supranationalism, unless of course it is that of the Warsaw Pact. Neutrality—and the more positive the better—suits them well enough. Lately, this seems to have become good enough for our country, too. Things have gone very far, and well-meaning people are inclined to believe that a neutral and independent Laos, for which our diplomacy is working so hard, can actually be neutral and independent.

The Russian predilection for neutrality, a predilection to which our government has not yet found any adequate answer, is one of the most disturbing features of world politics in our days. Soviet Russia is certainly not averse to have neutralism reach well inside the Atlantic Alliance. Here lies the core of our interlocking system of commonwealths or alliances; and should Khrushchev succeed in getting some form of neutralism, no matter how watered down, in any of the major NATO powers—like Italy, for instance, via the so-called "opening to the Left"—then his peace-lovingness could start bringing him the rewards he has so long pursued.

At present, with all these charming signs of relaxed tension—exchange of prisoners and announced reciprocal trade in the talking images of heads of government on the TV screens—the portent of better days acoming could be truly blissful were it not for the buzzing of Russian jets in the Berlin air corridors and for the prospect of expanded zones of neutralism. It is a strange, somehow eerie lull, during which it is not easy to define upon which of the various systems of alliances, all centered on us, the administration is putting the major reliance.

Our diplomacy has just had a major encounter with the domestic politics of Latin America. Nowhere else has our gamble on the economic well-being of poorer countries been so openly and eloquently proclaimed, and nowhere else has our government made it so explicit that the success of that gamble must block the way to Communism. The régime of Fidel Castro has been declared un-American. That certainly could be considered a remarkable success, were it not that the major countries of the hemisphere who strenuously opposed the move at Punta del Este may soon be consoled at the U.N., ensconced in some neutral niche.

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The Lesson of Punta del Este

DOUGLASS CATER

MINUTES after the foreign ministers' post-midnight vote (14 ayes, 6 abstentions, 1 nay) to exclude Cuba from the Organization of American States, the propaganda machinery began to churn. Down in the gambling-casino basement serving as press headquarters for the Meeting of Consultation in Punta del Este, Uruguay, State Department aides handed out a mimeographed statement by Secretary Rusk claiming that it was "a vivid demonstration of the democratic process of a vigorous community of nations. Once again, the Organization of American States has shown its capacity to provide protection to the member states that require assistance . . ." Next morning, President Osvaldo Dorticós Torrado of Cuba, serving *pro forma* as head of his delegation, held a press conference to cite the very same vote as a "crushing blow to U.S. prestige."

Actually neither side had cause for jubilation. For the Cubans at the conference, garbed this time in sober business suits instead of the traditional battle fatigues, the sense of physical isolation could not have been more obvious. They were pretty much ignored as they hung around the hotel lobbies during the interminable secret meetings at which their fate was being decided. About the only activity resembling negotiation took place when an enterprising Cuban arranged with the hotel desk clerk to market some first-rate Havana cigars at ten pesos (approximately $1) apiece. They were snapped up and conspicuously enjoyed by several members of the U.S. delegation.

But for the Americans, too, there was a sense of less than total intimacy with our neighbors to the south. Despite dogged round-the-clock negotiations which exhausted the energies of all but the inexhaustible Mr. Rusk, despite repeated postponements stretching the conference three days beyond its schedule, not a single vote was changed on the showdown issue. The same six nations that opposed holding the meeting in the first place refused to go along with the resolution to oust Cuba. Representing more than two-thirds of the people and four-fifths of the land mass of Latin America, their ministers kept a tight-lipped silence as the time for voting on the resolution arrived. Then after its passage by the bare two-thirds vote mandatory under the Rio Treaty, they one by one proceeded in the wee morning hours to lecture the U.S. Secretary of State on the importance of being legal.

The only real maneuverability, it turned out, was shown by Haiti, whose *petit despote,* François Duvalier, saw a prime opportunity to be the pivot. Early in the conference, Haiti broke with the pro-sanctions group, muttering vague excuses about the "inconsistency" of U.S. aid to Communist Yugoslavia. When Haiti finally came back in line, a U.S. delegate was asked how it had been accomplished. "Diplomacy," he replied guardedly. Nobody doubted that Haiti had exacted a price for its own little *Alianza sin mucho Progreso.*

Plots and Subplots

"We are a special case in the hemisphere," one member of the U.S. delegation remarked by way of explaining our bargaining disadvantages at Punta del Este. "We can't threaten that if we don't get what we want, our government will fall." It was, as one Brazilian journalist put it, a "conference of internal situations." The constant reference to domestic crises lent an air of unreality to what was supposed to be a display of hemispheric solidarity. About Brazil, the largest of the Latin countries, fears regularly circulated through the corridors. Former President Jânio Quadros, it was said, en route to his country on a slow boat from Australia, might soon seek a return to office on a pro-Castro platform. This was why Brazil's foreign minister, Francisco Clementino de San Tiago Dantas, could never support strong measures. On the other hand, El Salvador's foreign minister, Rafael Equizábel Tobías, openly buttonholed delegates and reporters to declare that his government would face a coup from the Right unless firm action was taken against Castro.

Amid all this horse trading in weaknesses, the United States seemed reconciled to the role of middleman. It began last October when Peru, without a word of warning, jumped the gun by requesting the OAS Council to appoint a special committee to look into the Cuban situation. Colombia, already conducting quiet consultations on the subject, was provoked by Peru's initiative and, at the December session of the OAS Council, demanded that a meeting of ministers be called in January.

U.S. officials, though embarrassed by an action they judged to be premature, found themselves unable to refuse. As a consequence of the Cuban invasion fiasco, President Kennedy's own domestic situation did not dispose him to appear less militant than the most militant toward Castro. Active pressures were applied by our ambassador to the OAS, deLesseps Morrison, to round up votes for calling the Punta del Este meeting. During Kennedy's pre-Christmas visit to Colombia and Venezuela, talk of pushing through diplomatic and economic sanctions against Cuba began to harden.

The strategy was not pursued with much self-confidence. Ambassador

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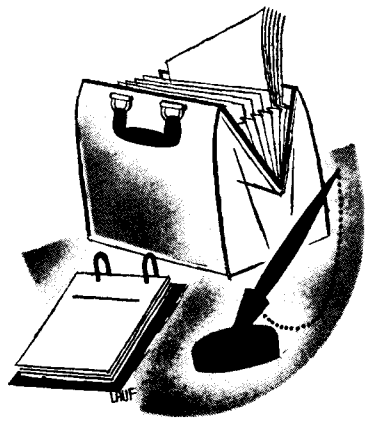
Adlai Stevenson had undercut the U.S. bargaining position last summer when, on returning from a swing through Latin America, he announced that collective action against Cuba could be meaningful "only if it is supported . . . by two of the three largest Latin American countries—Argentina, Brazil and Mexico. This point is agreed by all concerned regardless of whether the legally necessary fourteen votes could be secured . . ."

As time for the meeting approached, U.S. officials began to grow extremely skittish about the prospect of getting anything more than mere words against Castro. President Kennedy hardly showed great determination when, the week before the conference, he told reporters he was hopeful that as in the case of the rightist Trujillo dictatorship, "the voice of the hemisphere will speak against dictatorships of the Left which are sustained and supported from outside the hemisphere." Midway in the conference Kennedy again limited himself to the modest expectation of "an effective statement of the concern that is felt by the people of Latin America and this country at the intrusion of communism into . . . our OAS family."

THERE WERE other signs that U.S. policy was being improvised. One veteran U.S. diplomat with access to the cable flow has since remarked on the absence of the usual pre-conference detailing of U.S. objectives, fallback positions, etc., though the State Department did circulate to other governments a memorandum noncommittally headed "Illustrative Language." Only after great hesitation and an appeal to the President was it decided to invite a Congressional contingent to go along. The U.S. delegation left for Punta del Este reportedly divided between "hard" and "soft" factions, but neither seemed very clear about what was hard or soft.

They were not the only ones with half-shaped strategies. The Cubans, while plainly determined to behave respectably, gave the appearance of wondering whether they shouldn't walk out before they were pushed. In Dorticós's opening address, neither as wordy nor witty as Che Guevara's at the previous Punta del Este conference last August, he kept repeating over and over in a loud bellow that his government was "calm and serene." He prodded points not calculated to win him votes around the conference table, taunting the ministers on having to meet at a secluded beach resort



rather than in one of the capitals where pro-Castro gangs were staging their riots.

Though he professed willingness to negotiate, in unsubtle deference to the Brazilians, who were urging such a course, Dorticós made it bluntly clear that Cuba had nothing to concede. In his only flash of anything resembling wit, he quoted the oft-quoted saint of OAS conferences, Simon Bolivar, to the effect that "The United States seems destined by providence to plague America with woes in the name of freedom." Mostly he harped on the Bay of Pigs. To everyone's keen interest, he mentioned the name of Castro only twice. This led one U.S. official to predict privately that Castro, who last December announced he would be a Marxist-Leninist "until the last day of my life," would be dead within the year, succeeded by a collective leadership more amenable to the Kremlin.

Then there was the strategy pursued by Foreign Minister Dantas of Brazil, a dour, walrus-mustached man who reportedly hopes to substitute foreign policy for his countrymen's waning preoccupation with their brand-new inland capital of Brasilia. According to one Rio journalist who knows him well, Dantas has ambitions to emerge as leader of a Brazil that treats itself as a great power and charts its own hemispheric destiny. His more immediate problem is how to frustrate Quadros from trying the same thing.

"You can write that my position is right or wrong," he told newsmen at the conference, "but don't write that it is shifting." Whatever his claim, Dantas did chart a somewhat devious course, after confiding at the outset to an Associated Press reporter that he hoped the U.S. and Cuba would "adopt a conciliatory position." He was not content, like the Mexicans, to rely on the ancient mistrust of intervention and a strictly juridical approach to the Rio Treaty as a basis for opposing Cuba's expulsion. Instead, he proposed that the OAS negotiate with Castro what he called "negative obligations" pertaining to Cuba's military forces, its subversive practices in the hemisphere, and its relations with the Soviet bloc.

Suppose Castro refused to accept these negative obligations? At one point in the private dickering, Dantas conceded that logically the only recourse would be use of sanctions, including military. But U.S. negotiators, not trusting logic to carry the day, recognized serious flaws in a policy that accorded special recognition to a Communist government in the American hemisphere.

TOWARD the Argentinians' strategy Rusk was more receptive. Their idea, eloquently argued by Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs Oscar Camilion, who flew up to Washington shortly before the conference, was that removing Cuba from the OAS would be more effective than requiring the seven countries that still maintained embassies in Havana to break diplomatic relations. It would also be more acceptable to the governments of the seven because it would not require them to take individual actions that might stir up unrest. Swiftly administered "expulsion" or "suspension" would not give the Fidelistas time in which to mount opposition campaigns in Latin America.

To U.S. officials, the notion of kicking Cuba out of the OAS sounded even tougher than applying diplomatic sanctions. (Curiously, the idea of doing both was never pursued.) It was only after accepting the Ar-

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gentine proposal that they discovered the bugs in it. According to Article 8 of the Rio Treaty, the OAS has clear authority to apply diplomatic, economic, and even military sanctions. But the treaty fails to mention anything about expelling a member. Over this omission the major battle of the conference was fought.

In the final stages, the ministers appeared to be on the very edge of agreement. Many shared the hope, voiced by President Eduardo Víctor Haedo of Uruguay, that "Our beautiful Spanish language will save the conference." But words did not prove so malleable. After countless rephrasings, the crucial resolution was finally boiled down to the proposition that the Marxist-Leninist government of Cuba is incompatible with OAS principles and objectives, and "this incompatability excludes [it] from participation in the inter-American system."

Shortly before the voting session was to commence, five of the so-called "outer six" (leaving only Brazil) went to Rusk with the offer to go along if there could be one more rewording, to substitute "is contrary to" for "excludes." Rusk, while fairly certain that this alteration would accomplish the same practical results, declared himself unwilling to take on the job of convincing the other thirteen ministers. (The Colombians later indicated that they and possibly others would have balked.)

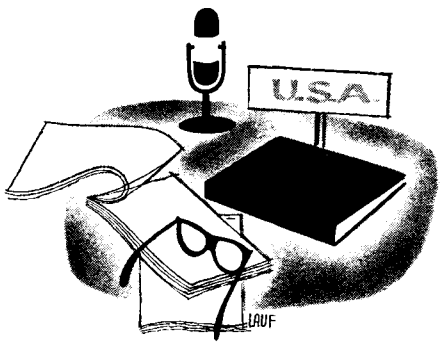
The U.S. delegation had hopes that this compromise would be proposed at the formal meeting, if only to show that the difference had been narrowed down to an adjectival phrase as opposed to an active verb. But when the time came, neither the Argentinians nor anyone else spoke up.

Had the U.S. been led down the garden path in all its effort to seek a "consensus"? "That is one of the risks of diplomacy," a U.S. diplomat replied acidly. Some observers believe U.S. hopes were ill founded—that Argentina's President Frondizi had made a flat compact with the Brazilians not to part company at Punta del Este. In his explanatory statement after the vote, Argentine Foreign Minister Miguel Angel Cárcano, perhaps wishing to buttress his position against mounting military pressures back home, made no reference to his delegation's role in spawning the exclusion plan but instead offered a strictly "juridical" argument against it. Behind him, however, Undersecretary Camilion sat with his head buried in his hands.

Plus and Minus

Was the exercise at Punta del Este worth all the fuss? In practical terms, the value of getting Cuba out of the OAS is somewhat mixed. On the one hand, it eliminates the nuisance of having a spokesman for Communism present while the various organs of the OAS are trying to work on plans for dealing with Communism. On the other, it also loses what has become a convenient method for sidetracking Cuban pyrotechnics in the United Nations by having the matter referred to the regional organization.

U.S. diplomats, anxious to put a bright face on things, pointed out how much progress had been made since the 1960 conference at San José, Costa Rica, when Cuba wasn't even mentioned in the resolution denouncing Communism. This time, there was unanimous agreement not only for naming Cuba but for declaring that "the continental unity and the democratic institutions of the hemisphere are now in danger." The ministers also agreed to kick



Cuba off the Inter-American Defense Board (an action taken *de facto* last spring), to suspend trade in arms (already nonexistent), and in a cautious formula previously applied to the Dominican Republic, to have the OAS Council study "the feasibility and desirability of extending the suspension of trade to other items." (More than ninety per cent of Cuba's trade now goes on outside the hemisphere, mostly with Soviet bloc countries.) Finally, the ministers accepted a proposal cooked up during the conference by State Department Counselor Walt Rostow to set up a committee to devise methods of fighting Communist subversion in the hemisphere. If Rostow gets his way, the OAS will soon be pooling intelligence and training facilities under a common defense command designed to combat Castro-type guerrilla warfare.

Undoubtedly, Secretary Rusk, ably abetted by Deputy Assistant Secretaries Richard Goodwin and Arturo Morales-Carrión, explored the outer limits of "consensus" at Punta del Este. Rusk comported himself well, briefing the press and buttering up the Congressmen with humor and tact as he pursued the wearying schedule of consultations. At times, his role of patient middleman between the inner thirteen and the outer six conflicted awkwardly with that of foreign minister for the leading power at the conference. One evening at the Venezuelan reception, Rusk was reduced to leading one recalcitrant minister after another into the hotel foyer for further coaxing. But the only sign of his personal ordeal was that he kept a Washington winter pallor while most of those around him were bronzed by the marvelous Punta del Este sun. Despite early grousing by Senator Bourke Hickenlooper (R., Iowa) that Goodwin was engaged in secret "deals," the Secretary brought his delegation back to Washington united and in good spirits. He had earned respect as a negotiator in tight places.

Still, an air of unreality persisted. Even as glowing claims were being made in Washington, the Argentine government was confronted by its military chiefs with stern ultimata to break relations with Castro—an embarrassment that Frondizi conveniently blamed on "reactionary sectors" in the United States. And the Brazilians, though faring better at home, dispatched a diplomat to confer with Khrushchev at his Black Sea hideaway. Whatever else had been accomplished, hemispheric solidarity seemed a long way off.

PUNTA DEL ESTE certainly provided a useful case study of resistances to be expected as the Alliance

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for Progress gets under way: the reluctance to match words with deeds, the indifference and even antagonism shown by the big powers of South America toward the little Central American republics that are feeling the heat of Castroism, and the pious protestations of politicians like Dantas that "Coexistence in our contemporary world is the sure path toward directing popular revolutions toward the democratic system." Listening to the facile lip service to freedom being paid by many of these delegates, one realized the extent of their isolation from the contemporary world.

Their opposition this time was directed at the effort to quarantine Communist Cuba. But not far beneath the surface lay a similar opposition to the uncomfortable steps the alliance is demanding. Again and again, the theme of domestic stability was sounded as the governing one. "If Mr. Kennedy doesn't get what he wants, he may drop a few points in the Gallup Poll," one high functionary told me. "But the government of Bolivia faces much greater risks." He put the alternatives quite bluntly. "If we must choose between the Alliance for Progress and the unity of Latin America, we must choose unity."

A Revolutionless Revolution

In a stirring address to his fellow ministers, Rusk went further than any previous Secretary of State in professing tolerance for Latin-American autonomy. "Many of us in this hemisphere had no quarrel with the avowed purposes of the [Castro] Revolution of 1959 . . . Nor would we have any quarrel with changes in the economic organization of Cuba instituted with the consent of the Cuban people. Our hemisphere has room for a diversity of economic systems."

But the problem is that the United States has committed itself to work with these systems, no matter how diverse or, always excepting the Communist, how disagreeable they may be. Under the Charter of the Alliance for Progress adopted last August, the United States joined the other American republics in proclaiming a commitment to such specific goals as full employment, agrarian reform, low-cost housing, price stability, and "an economic growth rate of not less than 2.5 per cent per capita per year." It was also specified that the United States stands ready, in supplementing each participant's efforts, "to allocate resources which, along with those anticipated from other external sources, will be of a scope and magnitude adequate to realize the goals envisaged in the Charter."

It is a monumental commitment which for size and complexity makes the Marshall Plan look puny by comparison. In the Alliance, unlike in the old Organization for European Economic Cooperation, the United States is attempting to serve as partner and paymaster at one and the same time.

Already, the development plans prerequisite to qualifying for long-term assistance from the United States are in varying stages of preparation. In Washington, the assistant administrator of the Agency for International Development, Teodoro Moscoso, who proved his talent as head of Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap, is determined that these plans shall not be merely glorified shopping lists chargeable to the U.S. bank account. He wants well-integrated programs to which the recipient country itself makes the major contribution.

Moscoso will not have an easy time of it. During the drafting of the Charter, the United States proposed that all development plans be submitted for initial review by a board of OAS-appointed experts who would determine how well they conformed to the Alliance's goals. But this proposal ran into stiff opposition. According to the final terms of the agreement, each participating country gets to choose whether these experts will have a look at its plans, and, if they do, whether their conclusions can be passed on to the Inter-American Development Bank. Any other arrangement, it was argued, would constitute intervention, which is "contrary to the spirit of the inter-American system."

Yet if the Alliance means anything, it means intervention of the most far-reaching kind in the affairs of Latin America. Its ambitious commitments raise the gravest internal problems for these shaky governments. How to achieve tax reform without stimulating the flight of capital, already rumored, that drains off greater sums than are being pumped in? How to break up oligarchical land holdings and not precipitate, as in Bolivia, a crisis in agricultural production? How to support tremendous expansion of public facilities without exacerbating political corruption indigenous to the area? Above all, how to achieve orderly progress when that very progress is likely to result in turning many of the present occupants out of high office?

ALREADY the first tentative efforts at reform are having their repercussions. Raising the price of gasoline in Bolivia to an economically viable level caused riots in which several people died and a score were wounded. Attempting to reform the railroads in Argentina provoked a general strike and a cabinet crisis.

What the Alliance for Progress is seeking, in the words of one cynical observer, is to buy revolutionary change without paying the price of revolution. It wants, in a hurry, contradictory objectives like reform, efficiency, planning, and democracy. And it wants to achieve all this while twenty nations move abreast.

Donating dollars alone is not going to provide much leverage for the U.S. in lifting this mammoth enterprise off the ground. In fact, the unqualified nature of our guarantee to the Charter is apt to be, as the bureaucrats say, counterproductive. Whether we like it or not, gift horses always are looked in the mouth. (At the conference, President Haedo made a chiding reference to U.S. tardiness in coming across with dollars for Uruguay's progress; he did not mention that his own government had been stalling on its part of the bargain.)

The lesson of the Punta del Este meeting was that there can be a point of diminishing returns in trying to move everybody forward together in a grand alliance. The task for U.S. diplomacy goes beyond serving as good-natured broker among the often shaky and self-centered governments of Latin America. The chilling prospect is that we stand in danger of becoming the *Alianza's* prisoner rather than its partner.

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France: The Politics Of Plastic Bombs and Parades

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

SEVERAL TIMES in recent months, President de Gaulle has intrigued or baffled visitors who expressed concern over the growing terrorist activity of the right-wing *Organisation Armée Secrète* by declaring that the O.A.S. conspiracy was unimportant because it was unreal. In the long view his analysis is no doubt correct, though many of the general's compatriots find his serenity excessive in view of the ruthless, determined O.A.S. offensive to sabotage the imminent cease-fire in Algeria—and ultimately, perhaps, to force a totalitarian dictatorship upon the French people.

Both General Raoul Salan and the group of ex-colonels, intoxicated with the theories of Mao Tse-tung, who run his underground headquarters in Algeria have lost touch with the French people. The crimes of the O.A.S. are real enough, yet the little band of military conspirators are not revolutionaries of the classic type seeking, however misguidedly, to promote an authentic political ideal, however delusive. In a sense they are more akin to the celluloid archetype of the mad scientist; they are political-warfare technicians systematically applying to their own country one of those faddish strategies for paralyzing the enemy's will to resist that periodically crop up in the back rooms of every general staff of the world.

The chances seem remote that these mutinous nerve-warriors can overthrow the Fifth Republic or even permanently block a settlement in Algeria, but their attempts to launch a kind of prefabricated civil war in France have helped to contaminate French public life and have helped the Communists, those other specialists in synthetic nightmares. Thanks to both of them, politics in this country is coming to resemble a series of rehearsals, interrupted by sometimes bloody backstage disasters, for a play that most Frenchmen hope, with some confidence, will never be produced.

THE RIOTING earlier this month around the Place de la Bastille, which cost the lives of eight Parisians and injured some 260 others, was a prime example of make-believe melodrama turning into hideous real-life tragedy. It grew out of street demonstrations called by the Communists, with the participation of some non-Communist labor and student organizations, to protest against some recent and particularly odious bomb outrages committed by the O.A.S., one of which had blown out a four-year-old girl's eye. Naturally there was widespread indignation over the bombings, but the street demonstrations were in no sense a spontaneous reflection of it. The crowd turned out because the organizations that engineered the affair—chiefly the Communist Party itself and the Communist-controlled central labor organization, the CGT—made a systematic effort to get their adherents into the street. Public indignation added to their number.

Though de Gaulle in his television address of February 5 had castigated the O.A.S.—"those unworthy Frenchmen . . . their plots and their outrages"—and though the police in the same week had decapitated one major branch of the terrorist underground in France through a series of spectacular arrests, the Communists justified the call for street demonstrations by denouncing the "complicities and impunity" with which the government "encouraged the criminal acts of the O.A.S."

The wording of the manifesto calling for the February demonstration, which was probably drafted by the CGT but which was countersigned by the big Catholic labor organization, the CFTC, and by the other non-Communist participants, was naturally not calculated to dispose the authorities favorably toward it. Probably Premier Michel Debré and Minister of the Interior Roger Frey committed a serious error of political psychology in not authorizing the demonstration at the Place de la Bastille, though all such affairs have long been banned in Paris. They could, however, plead several extenuating circumstances: the risk of right-wing elements camouflaged as leftists slipping into the crowd and provoking trouble, the risk that the O.A.S. would exploit the occasion to perpetrate new outrages—which is exactly what happened—and above all the risk that ultraconservative elements in the army and in the police would accuse the Gaullist government of encouraging the development of a new Popular Front.

This is perhaps the most crucial point in the whole French situation. It is generally assumed that under most circumstances there is little danger of a military putsch such as took place last April. But it also seems clear that if the Communists appeared to be developing a revolutionary threat in Paris, some army elements would welcome the pretext for marching on the capital, not just to liquidate the Communists but to force de Gaulle from power on the ground that he was unable to maintain order.

Thus when the government makes a point of being as tough with the extreme Left as it is with the extreme Right, it is not because it considers one just as great an immediate danger as the other, but because it believes that the O.A.S. hopes to provoke a minor threat from the Communists to trigger an insurrection from the Right which will sweep its friends into power. That, in the opinion of government experts, is why the O.A.S. has been concentrating its attacks on Communist targets recently.

ALL THE EVIDENCE indicates that the Communists—who number in their ranks some shrewd political strategists—are fully aware that the O.A.S. is trying to provoke them to disturb the peace and that they are more than willing to oblige. To go ahead with a large-scale street demonstration in Paris under present conditions and in the face of a po-

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lice ban would, the Communists knew, inevitably lead to clashes that might have unpredictable political consequences.

It is possible that the eight dead and the high toll of badly injured demonstrators were due to calculated brutality on the part of ultra right-wing elements in the police. Most eyewitness reports on the riots agree, however, that tough shock units, probably led by Communist agitators, pelted the police with pieces of asphalt torn up from the streets and even with paving stones for some time before there was any violent retaliation. In the circumstances it seems hard to take issue with Frey's conclusions in his radio report to the nation.

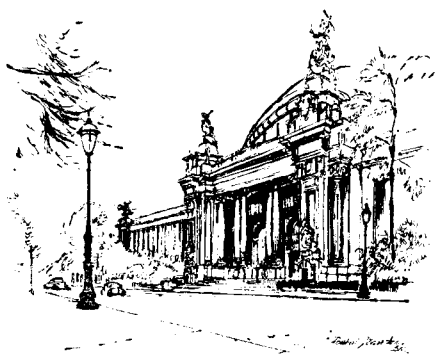
"Once again," he asserted, "events have demonstrated the collusion of extremes against the republic. One side acting in the name of anti-Communism, the other in the name of anti-fascism, they are trying to deceive the honest democrats, whether of the Right or of the Left, who make up the masses in the country."

The Flexible Front

So far the masses do not seem to have been taken in. Neither the O.A.S. nor the Communists have as yet succeeded in involving more than a small fraction of the nation in the mood of civil war that each seems to be doing its best to propagate: "2.2 per cent on one side, 2.2 per cent on the other, and 95.6 per cent looking on," as one French political commentator put it. That, it is true, was before the Bastille riots. Since then the percentages at the two extremes have almost certainly risen, especially on the Left, though probably not yet to an alarming figure. The grim, silent crowd of some 250,000 Parisians that turned out for the funeral of the riot victims was a pointed warning to Premier Debré and President de Gaulle. Moreover, the Communists have undoubtedly scored a major political-warfare success in dragging the Socialists and other non-Communists who stayed away from the Bastille into the protest demonstrations that came four days later. But the kind of impromptu Popular Front that has now taken shape here—against a fascist menace largely conditioned by the attitude of the Left itself—is for the time being as unstable as most other things in French politics.

A glance back at the fluctuating triangular relations between the Communists, the Socialists, and the Gaullist power indicates how flexible the formation of fronts may be.

From last September to the beginning of this year, a kind of loose Popular Front between the Com-



munists and other elements of the Left appeared to be in the making despite the opposition of orthodox Socialist leaders like former Premier Guy Mollet and some non-Communist labor bosses. Then in January there occurred a bewildering shift in the political battle lines. Mollet got the Socialist rank and file back under control and—together with Maurice Faure, president of the Radical Socialist Party; the leadership of the chief anti-Communist labor organization, Force Ouvrière; and some minor elements of the Center-Left—created an intergroup cartel which is sometimes referred to as the Democratic Front. The new front proclaimed its determination to defend French liberties without assistance from the Communists or other totalitarians.

That, for the time being, seemed to mark the collapse of the Popular Front movement. In its place, however, there developed a paradoxical and semi-clandestine flirtation between the extreme Left, including the Communists, and certain Gaullist elements.

The first intimation of this weird little experiment in political miscegenation was the so-called "Manifesto of the Hundred"—though it now bears many hundreds of signatures—released in mid-January by an oddly mixed group of Resistance veterans. Nicely poised between implicit support for de Gaulle's efforts to negotiate a cease-fire with the Algerian nationalists and indirect criticism of his government's failure up to that time to crack down effectively on the French ultranationalists, the text of the manifesto repudiated any resemblance between the former underground activities of its signatories in the war against Hitler and those of the O.A.S., which the Hundred accused of harboring former Nazi sympathizers. All veterans of the true Resistance, the manifesto urged, should publicly unite, regardless of ideological differences, in defense of the basic democratic decencies, thereby "furnishing an example and a stimulus to liberty-loving youth."

The signatories included several Gaullist parliamentarians and retired generals noted for their unconditional loyalty to de Gaulle, along with the head of the Communist-controlled CGT and two Communist ministers in the first de Gaulle cabinet after the Liberation. It has also been suggested that the manifesto, which had been drafted by a free-wheeling anti-Mollet Socialist, may have been an attempt to please certain figures in General de Gaulle's entourage. While not officially abandoning their opposition to de Gaulle, the Communists went out of their way to give the impression that a kind of new "National Front" of Gaullists, Communists, and fellow travelers, vaulting over the liberal anti-Communist groups of the Center, was being formed.

"The manifesto of Resistance veterans has the merit of definitively putting the O.A.S. on the blacklist of the nation," proclaimed a front-page editorial in the Communist *L'Humanité*. "The Communists will do everything in their power to make sure the appeal is heeded." And after General de Gaulle's February 5 TV address—the most vigorous and least sibylline of his utterances since last April—*L'Humanité* joined, with a few mild reservations, in the general chorus of editorial approval. "The chief of state used quite firm language in speaking of the O.A.S.," the Communist organ conceded.

The comments in the official So-

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cialist organ, *Le Populaire,* reflected on the other hand the widening breach in the relations between General de Gaulle and Guy Mollet, who in 1958 played an important role in the general's return to power and served for some months in his government. "Even in the cheerful hypothesis that the Algerian war is ended and that fascism has been vanquished," the paper warned, "France will still be faced with the task of getting rid of an inacceptable general policy."

Mollet's increasingly systematic opposition to de Gaulle's leadership led some of his critics to accuse him of the same kind of flirtation with the O.A.S. that certain Gaullists have been conducting with the Communists. It is arguable that his Democratic Front's stress on setting up a kind of shadow government to assure an orderly transition in case the presidential office becomes vacant for any reason has indirectly helped the O.A.S. Mollet also has to contend with a right-wing faction in his party headed by his former minister for Algerian affairs, Robert Lacoste, which favors some degree of appeasement toward supposed "democratic" elements in the O.A.S.

A FURTHER COMPLICATION in the relations between the Socialists and de Gaulle was the so-called "Luncheon of the Alma," although as Mollet has pointed out, it was a dinner, not a luncheon, and it took place in an apartment some distance from the Place de l'Alma. The host at this gathering was Pierre Uri, a prominent international banker and former associate of Jean Monnet. The guests included the three top leaders of the Democratic Front—Mollet, Maurice Faure, and Robert Bothereau of Force Ouvrière—as well as André Colin, one of the bosses of the Catholic M.R.P., and former Premier Antoine Pinay, many of whose right-wing Independents have publicly expressed their sympathy with General Salan's objectives if not with his methods. It was a curious company.

Mollet has admitted that the creation of a national-union government, extending from himself to Pinay, was discussed on a contingency basis as a possible temporary measure to uphold democratic legality pending new elections in case de Gaulle should die or leave office. Naturally some of the Gaullist and left-wing papers have refused to believe that the table talk was limited to such innocuous, if slightly premature, contingency planning—a mere between-the-acts divertissement in the main political drama. They prefer to view the informal conference as a plot—which they suspect was instigated by the U.S. State Department in collusion with Monnet—aimed at forcing de Gaulle out of office so as to install a more "European" and pro-NATO and liberal régime. However implausible, the supposed gastronomic conspiracy of the Place de l'Alma helped to encourage the flirtation between certain Gaullists and the pro-Communist Left launched by the Resistance veterans.

The Synthetic Nightmare

Now the curious political quadrille is finished and all the dancers have rejoined, however reluctantly, their partners of last fall. The Communist shock troops at the Bastille and Frey's police between them seem to have effectively broken up the incipient flirtation between the Gaullists and the pro-Communist Left. Probably neither side ever intended it to be more than a playlet within a play; the Communists in particular may have been seeking to compromise the supporters of General de Gaulle in the eyes of the ultra-conservatives and thus to polarize the division of the country into two irreconcilable camps as a prelude to civil war. The Socialists in joining with the Communists—technically they allowed the Communists to join them—in street demonstrations to protest the "brutalities" of the Bastille have inevitably pulled back from their tentative association with the Pinay conservatives, and they have dragged the Radical Socialists along with them.

Whether the renewed trend toward a true Popular Front continues or splinters again on some new issue depends in part on the reasons that led the Communists to switch in forty-eight hours from a policy of tacitly supporting de Gaulle to one of defying him in the streets of the capital. It has been rumored that it was the result of a peremptory order from Moscow to launch an all-out offensive against de Gaulle. If so, further Communist efforts to provoke violence can be expected and we may be in for some grim times. The Communists could have been motivated by less sinister reasons, however. It is generally expected that after the cease-fire in Algeria is finally attained, new elections will be called in France, a prospect that is enough to explain many of the extraordinary gyrations that French politicians of all parties have indulged in recently.

TO SOME EXTENT, the future evolution of the French political situation depends on how adroitly or ineptly Debré's government deals with the tricky problems that have been created by the Bastille riots and their aftermaths. At the moment, the government and even General de Gaulle are dangerously isolated from any organized political support. On the other hand, they have been making greater progress than ever before in breaking up the O.A.S. terrorist squads. They have been helped, curiously enough, by the December reconciliation between the predominantly military faction in the O.A.S. headed by General Salan and the more explicitly fascist-oriented group of Pierre Lagaillarde, Pierre Ortiz, and Colonel Lacheroy in Madrid. For many months the two factions had operated separately. Now they form a single organization again, dedicated to the Madrid faction's goal of establishing a fascist government in France instead of merely trying to block independence for a Moslem Algeria.

This unity has made the O.A.S. more virulent and in a sense more dangerous but also more vulnerable, since the underground networks of the Madrid faction had been pretty well identified by the French police. If the government continues to exploit this advantage as vigorously as it has been doing recently, and above all if General de Gaulle's stubborn efforts to achieve a peaceful settlement in Algeria are finally crowned with success, no fabricators of synthetic nightmares will be able to destroy the political sanity of the French people, and no political mummers will lead them far astray with their antics.

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Wide World

A New Face in American Politics

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

LANSING

IN THIS PLEASANT, snow-blanketed state capital, 144 delegates—ninety-nine Republicans, forty-five Democrats—are hard at work drafting a new constitution for the state of Michigan. They have been at the job since October 4, and have perhaps two months left to finish. Given the wide divergence between stand-pat Republicans and moderates, plus the uncompromising mood of the Democratic-labor bloc, the prospects are not bright for getting a truly modern constitution—one to command interest and invite emulation across the country.

Outside the state, little notice is taken of the labors of the constitutional convention. But once understood, it provides an important key to the political and social ideas of its most notable member, George Wilcken Romney—salesman, lobbyist, missionary, churchman, chairman-president of the American Motors Corporation, and most recently front runner for the Republican nomination for governor of Michigan.

The constitutional convention, via the Citizens for Michigan movement which Romney helped organize, had its origin in what has come to be known as "the mess in Michigan." For more than a decade the social and economic problems of the state went unattended as the result of a deadlock between the Democratic administration and the Republican-controlled legislature, reflecting the familiar pattern of rural preponderance. Both the state constitution and the tax structure were obsolete, but neither side would or could do anything effective about it. Meanwhile, Michigan drifted into bankruptcy. Thousands of state employees, from doorkeepers to professors, failed to get their pay checks. The Citizens for Michigan movement was established to help resolve this deadlock and, by organizing a constitutional convention, to give Michigan a more rational approach to the problems of self-government.

As an enthusiastic participant in this work, Romney has acquired some strong convictions—notably a deep antipathy toward those great concentrations of private power that tend to dislocate and inhibit effective local government and to encourage greater reliance on the expanding powers of the Federal government. Bigness, in the sense of concentrated power—whether in business, labor, or government—has become one of the chief terms of opprobrium in Romney's political lexicon. In a recent speech to the American Farm Bureau Federation he declared: "Our state and urban local governments need their shackles removed. Most states—thirty-nine of them—are living with antique constitutions that make a mockery out of state and city government and make it virtually impossible for the people to rely on the governmental processes closest to them. Certainly a basic reason for the reaching of the people toward Washington is their consciousness of the weakness of most state and city governments."

Just how much one man or one state can do to reverse or even brake a headlong national trend remains to be seen. But Romney has chosen to make the issue of "states' responsibilities" (he is careful to distinguish them from states' rights) a cardinal feature of his pre-election program.

A Gift for Timing

Just a few months ago, Romney was a successful Detroit motor magnate with a lively but nonpartisan interest in the schools and the government of his state. Today, ten thousand news photos later—the engines of U.S. publicity having achieved an effortless miracle—Romney is firmly anchored in a new galaxy, along with Richard M. Nixon, Nelson A. Rockefeller, and Barry Goldwater. He is one of the select pre-screened company from which the G.O.P. is likely to choose its 1964 Presidential candidate. Not since Wendell Willkie's meteoric rise in 1940 has a dark horse emerged so swiftly into the bright light of national eminence. There are of course a number of trees, telephone poles, and fences with which the Romney snowball might collide disastrously.

Whether deliberate or accidental,

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Romney's timing thus far has been superb. First, between 1954 and 1958, he brought American Motors from a $7-million deficit to a $26-million profit—by building and selling the compact car that the American people wanted and that the major motor makers stubbornly refused to let them have until Romney forced their hand. Next, he took the lead in organizing the Citizens for Michigan, which with yeoman help from the League of Women Voters led to the constitutional convention. Next, he wisely backed away from a race for the U.S. Senate in 1958, preserving the valuable image of a conscientious, nonpartisan citizen, rather than that of an eager, aspiring politician.

Two years later he tentatively identified himself as a Republican (but not an Old Guard Republican) and was elected a constitutional convention delegate, over a popular Democratic opponent, in Oakland County (suburban Detroit). His three to one majority was startling in a cluster of communities that usually go sixty to seventy-five per cent Democratic. It was a good augury for a businessman carefully laying a course for public affairs. Now, with the leverage and prestige of a convention vice-president (there are three), he is a sure thing as G.O.P. nominee for the two-year governorship. He has a better-than-even chance to win in November over the Democratic incumbent, John B. Swainson. If he does win, he will shatter a fourteen-year reign of Democratic governors. That is no mean accomplishment to carry to a national nominating convention looking eagerly for a vote-getter. Michigan has become a Democratic state in the last decade and a half but Democratic pluralities have not been large or consistent. Swainson won in 1960 by only fifty thousand votes in a total of 3.2 million. Eisenhower carried the state twice by safe majorities, and Dewey won it by an eyelash in 1948.

If he makes it, Romney's term will end in 1964—also good timing. With fair luck in the meantime, he will be able to unify the Michigan G.O.P., which has been bitterly split between the strongly conservative rural and small-town Republicans and the growing bloc of moderate Republicans of suburban Detroit and some lesser cities. He might thus do for the Republicans of Michigan what G. Mennen Williams did so successfully for the Democrats. With a Republican legislature and Democratic governor deadlocked, Michigan has been on the political rack for years. In all likelihood, Romney would be able to liquidate that stultifying feud, for he certainly would have a Republican legislature to work with. Such achievements as these, at the polls and in office, would establish for him a high order of political availability for a national race.

On the face of things, George Romney has a political plus at every turn. At fifty-four, he is a tall, erect man with finely chiseled features. He is an early riser, a person of enormous energy, and one who has learned to use his time efficiently. He speaks well in public, talks easily in private with a cordiality that corrects nicely for a stern Christian conscience and a lifelong rule against smoking, drinking (even coffee or tea), and swearing. He has an attractive wife and family. He gave two years as a young man to missionary work for the Mormon Church in Scotland, and today is president of the Detroit Stake (diocese). In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, to use its correct name, where there is no priesthood or clergy, Romney is the close equivalent of a bishop.

There is a political plus also in his industrial career. He came from far behind to challenge the Big Three of the automotive industry, and made good. Currently, he is the Horatio Alger of the industry. Not everybody can draw a salary of $150,000 a year, plus stock options and bonuses, and still look like an underdog. Romney will not make Charles Wilson's mistake and say "What's good for American Motors is good for America." But his boosters might say with some logic: "George Romney has been good for American Motors; he'd be just as good for America!"

Romney was born in Mexico. This has been advanced as a possible obstacle, since the courts never have ruled on what the Constitution means by "natural born citizen" for the purposes of election to the Presidency. But it is a safe guess that this is no impediment. (Christian Herter, born in Paris, was pretty well cleared while under consideration prior to the 1960 convention.) On the other hand, Romney's birth of American parents in the Mormon colony in Chihuahua can be a plus too. He was born there because religious prejudice against the Mormons had driven his parents from the United States, and he was brought back at the age of five because of similar prejudice in Mexico. This well-heeled underdog of the automotive industry therefore has an early claim on the sympathies of an America considerably more tolerant than it was when he was born, in 1907.

In terms of these superficial but not unimportant factors, Romney is an attractive figure, singularly free from political handicaps. The far more important question, however, is just what he would bring to national politics in ideas, principles, and viewpoints. What change would be make in the U.S. image of the Republican Party if he were to be its 1964 standard bearer?

A Limit to Concentrations

To begin with, Romney is not unfamiliar with government. As a young man he was a secretary to the late Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, and later was a Washington "legislative observer" for the Aluminum Company of America. In wartime he served with the Automotive Council for War Production. And he has welcomed—and made good use of—opportunities to testify before Congressional committees, notably by some hard-hitting comments on monopolistic tendencies in the auto industry when it was under investigation in 1958.

In the vast and baffling area of foreign affairs, Romney remains a rather negative figure. He simply has not been concerned with this field. But he is no isolationist, and would share the generally international-minded outlook of the Eisenhower side of the G.O.P., rather than the nationalist side still identified with the name of Senator Robert A. Taft and the Midwest. Romney talks with enthusiasm and assurance of the task America still has before it in assisting the underdeveloped nations, but he sees a need for greater effort in

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nongovernmental channels. He is especially troubled that we do not use our immense food production capacity more constructively in a world filled largely with starving people. He is convinced that Russia will whip its farm production problem with borrowed U.S. agricultural technology and then go on to use food as a weapon against us in the impoverished regions of the globe.

Romney is thoroughly familiar with our imperfect relations with Canada. Drawing on an intimate experience with Canadian-American commerce, he sees hope in the development of a new pattern of two-way trade. Specifically, he would like to see the United States and other countries foster tariff-free exchanges of goods, bilaterally, limited to equal production values flowing in each direction. He cites as a beginning the present U.S.-Canadian arrangements by which farm machinery is produced and sold in both countries without import duties or other restrictions. This enables each nation to produce what it can make the more efficiently, and it allows both to benefit by the lower prices resulting. In this restricted sense, at least, Romney is a free trader. He starts with a broad sympathy for the basic aims of the long-established reciprocal tariff program and the new and more venturesome foreign-trade program now in the mill at Washington.

To take a specific case, there is aluminum, one of Canada's major exports. This is how Romney put it in conversation: "Canada produces aluminum more cheaply than we do. Why shouldn't we set up an international bridge to permit Canada to produce aluminum components for American automobiles, and ourselves to send back American automobiles in equal proportions without tariffs? The same approach could be taken with other countries . . . it would build equally in each country involved, and it would extend to the consumer in each country the advantages of aggregate volume and lower costs."

The Threat of Bigness

It is in the nation's domestic economy and its relation to government, however, that George Romney has the strongest convictions, the most clearly defined ideas, and the most distinctive contribution to make to our national public life. He is earnestly and articulately against the undue concentration of power in big business, big labor, and big government. As befits the head of a small enterprise (*relatively* small—American Motors has ninety thousand stockholders, and a hundred thousand persons depend on it for their livelihoods) in an industry dominated by giants, Romney wants the ground rules changed. In testimony before a Senate subcommittee in 1958 he proposed that every enterprise be limited to thirty-five per cent of an industry—or twenty-five per cent if it engages in more than one basic industry.

Standard Oil, its owners and employees—and the country—have benefited by its being broken up into thirty-four independent companies, Romney pointed out. General Motors and Ford are over his thirty-five per cent and twenty-five per cent limits. They and their owners and workers—and the country—would benefit by a similar split-up of those gigantic concentrations, according to Romney. He would welcome a tax incentive device to encourage the splitting of companies in this and many other fields of production. "If our competitive economy is to maintain the vigor needed, we must find a better way of providing needed industrial births."

Romney is equally emphatic in his opposition to big labor, and especially to industry-wide bargaining. The central problem here is to prevent the wage-price spiral by which great companies and big unions have shared the benefits of economic progress but have not extended them to consumers. He does not quarrel with the practice of profit sharing with workers, as he proved by American Motors' precedent-setting contract with the United Auto Workers last year. He is, however, opposed to profit sharing that is merely a wedge to bring about union participation in the management of industry. If Romney has spelled out anywhere precisely what he would do with big labor, I haven't found it; nor could I get it from him in person. But he has a firm faith that by modernizing our labor laws it is possible to deflate the excessive power of unions, to moderate the collision of big business and big labor, and somehow to head off the present "union-corporate power" that is "crushing the process of collective bargaining."

What we have here is not a mistrust of bigness in itself. Romney sees nothing to fear in large-scale operations. But also he sees nothing to be gained by big business after achieving the scale (500,000 cars a year, in his industry) that confers maximum efficiency. Indeed, his proposals for international free-trade arrangements are based on the need for large-scale operations to achieve efficiency and lower prices. But he is a crusader against concentrated power that makes for monopolistic practices and the stifling of small or new enterprise. In this respect, he is an authentic descendant of some famous Republicans—Theodore Roosevelt, George Norris, Robert M. La Follette. But since their time, big labor has emerged as another lodgment of concentrated power. Romney's crusade against two adversaries reflects the massive change that has come over our economy during and since the New Deal years. He sets himself against two threats to the American way of competitive enterprise, not just the one that preoccupied the Progressive Republicans of a half century ago. "The nation cannot survive," he asserts, "half competitive and half monopolistic."

In Michigan, Romney already is waging this war. And Michigan is a good place to warm up, for it is a generous microcosm of the U.S. politico-economic scene. Politics there has been polarized for years. Its Democratic Party is the elongated shadow of the AFL-CIO. Its Republican Party for decades has been the political-action arm of big business, with help from right-wing farm leaders. Working chiefly with the new crop of Republican moderates, but trying to keep on terms of toleration with outstate conservatives, Romney is reaching for middle-ground positions that the ordinary citizen can welcome, positions that represent authentic public interest. In this effort, he is getting an unexpected break from the Democrats. Until lately, they have been the party pressing for positive and constructive action, the party with a program. Holding the governorship for

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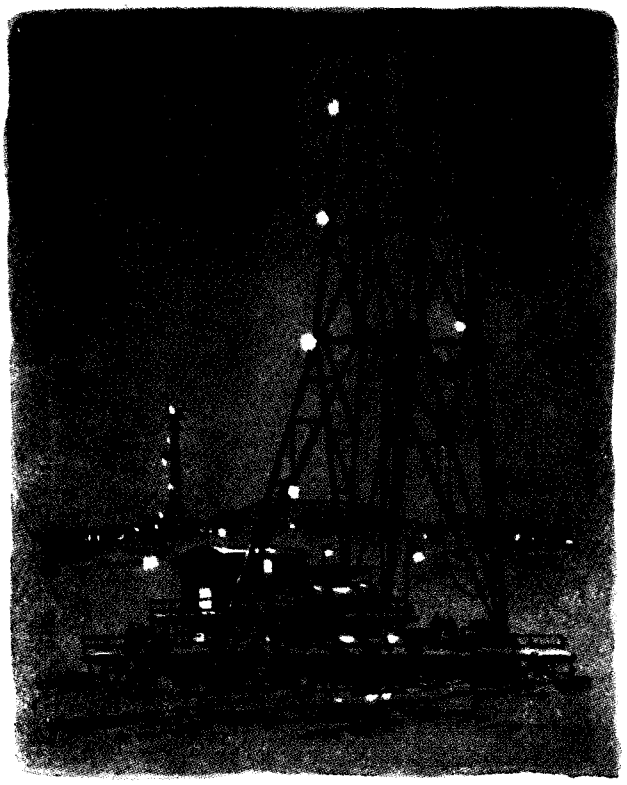
How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

Tankers and Temples



Some forty miles inland, in Iran, lies the oil field of Gachsaran. Until recently its crude was piped 150 miles overland to the refinery at Abadan. ⇨

. . . spoke of its past. So before construction began the company called in archeologists who marked the ancient sites and even found ones hitherto unknown.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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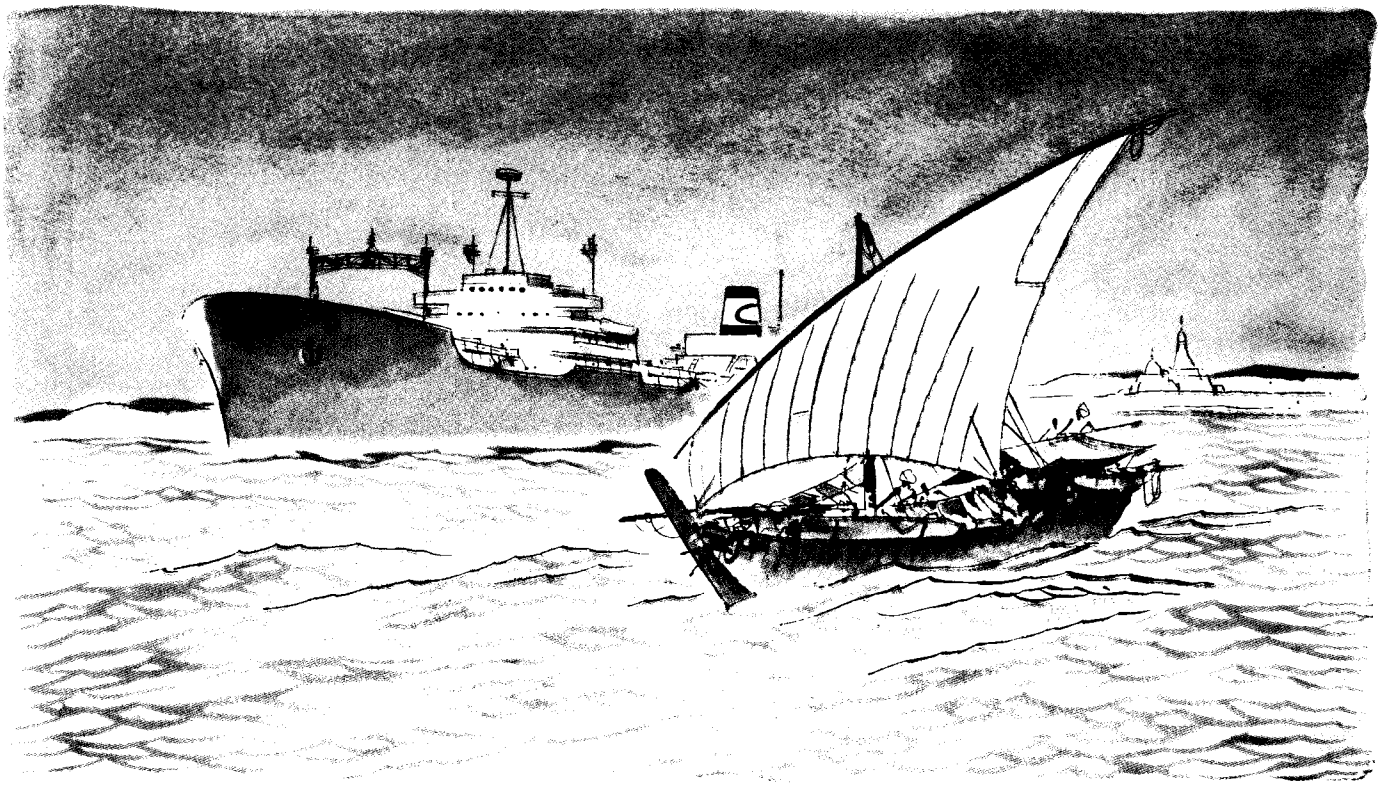
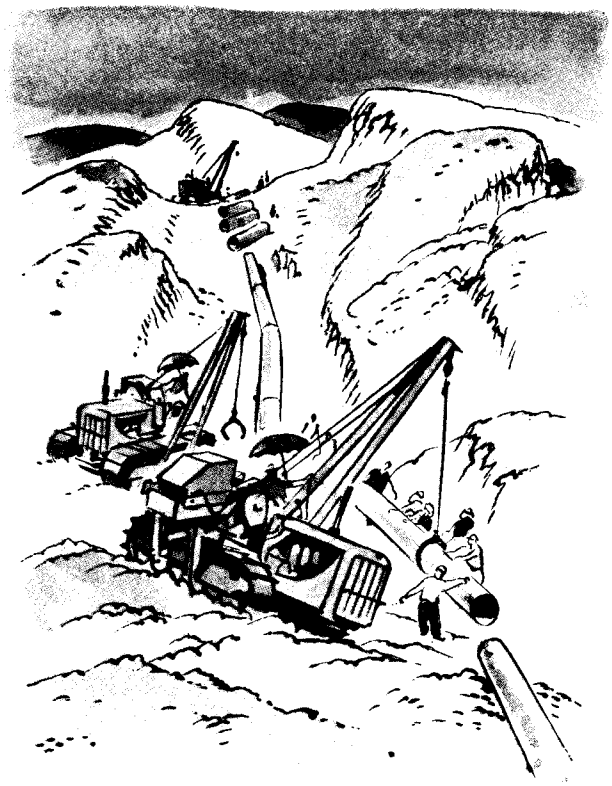


Planning to raise the field's output, the oil company in Iran with which we are associated needed a port with water deep enough to berth giant tankers.

Such water lay off Kharg Island, a spot in the Persian Gulf with a long, colorful history. A Moslem shrine, ruins of a Greek temple and a Christian monastery...



Then, with its treasures safeguarded, Kharg was connected to the oil field by a pipeline—25 miles of it underwater—storage tanks and a jetty were built.

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fourteen years, they have been able to propose policies and programs, while the Republicans, dominating the legislature, could do little more than say "No"—a colorless, negative role and hardly calculated to enlist popular allegiance. But now the Democrats have turned intransigent on several key state issues. This makes Romney more convincing as a moderate and simplifies his task of using the disparate elements of the Michigan G.O.P. And it helps to give the Republicans there the look of a party with a positive program.

Romney is not afraid of words, and he resents the tyranny of clichés. In a recent speech at Honolulu he said: "I think we are making a serious mistake around the world by still talking about capitalism." And again, "We are not a capitalistic society. That is not the chief characteristic of the American economy." The U.S. economic system, as Romney sees it, is marked by the principle of competition, which he wants to buttress by vigorous antitrust action against big business and big labor. It is marked also by voluntary co-operation, which he wants to promote.

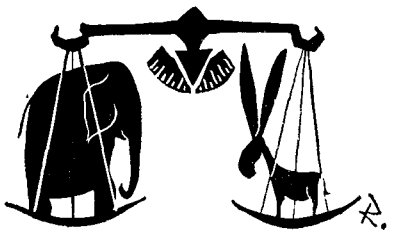
Another characteristic of our system is that it rewards people on the basis of their contribution—though, Romney notes, the Russians are increasingly adopting this principle while we have been abandoning it. A final ruling principle of our economy, in Romney's view, is that "for balanced and maximum economic growth, the benefits of economic progress must be shared with all consumers—not just among workers or any other minority groups."

Along with a good many other ideas clarifying his philosophy of a free, competitive American commonwealth, these notions seem to place George Romney squarely in the tradition of Progressive Republicanism—with the changes of policy and doctrine resulting from the rise of a powerful labor movement.

The Citizens and the Party

The largest obstacle between George Romney and the White House (aside from its present occupant, who seems to like the place and may want to stay on) is probably his meager background in politics—in addition to a long insulation from many crucial problems of national and international affairs. He came into public life attempting to rally citizens, as such, to muster their collective efforts in order to force the political parties to act and to change. He wants to foster political action by citizens in their capacity as individuals, not as members of groups or blocs—not in unions or corporations or even in political parties. It might not be too much to say he likes to visualize the correct political process for America as one gigantic town meeting, instead of an aggregation of blocs and interest groups. Early in the convention sessions, Romney made some speeches around the state in which he seemed cold to party politics. He was looking for what he called a consensus of citizens. Soon discreet advisers called him off. They saw him undermining his own career by his effort to by-pass the party system. The emphasis changed.

The new line is to deplore the pitifully small numbers of Americans who actually get into the political process. At Chicago in mid-December, Romney told the Farm Bureau Federation that "two parties are enough," but that not enough people are participating in the work of those two parties. Citing a University of Michigan survey, he asserted that only seven per cent of American adults attend political rallies even in election years, only four per cent give money, only three per cent work for a party or candidate in a campaign, and only two per cent actually belong to a political



party, club, or other organization. This is one of the things Romney the politician wants to change.

There is an interesting switch here from downgrading of political parties to a plea for wider participation in their work. This could reflect the good advice Romney gets from Edward Cushman, the closest thing he has so far to a brains trust. Cushman, the vice-president of American Motors specializing in industrial relations, brings a quality of political-economic realism to the Romney camp. An economist, he came up through the bureaucracy of the War Manpower Board to become a special assistant to the Secretary of Labor during the war, and later taught public administration in Detroit at Wayne University. In the long confrontation between big labor and industry, Ed Cushman always knows the score.

The nonpartisan town-meeting idea might work for two years more in Michigan, if tempered now and then by realism. But any effort to organize a Citizens for America on the pattern of Citizens for Michigan (Romney has talked of it) would surely be a stumbling block on the long road to the White House, and especially to the nomination. The parties are here to stay, and compromise among divergent groupings is their function and essence.

HOWEVER, the convention now meeting daily here in Lansing's Civic Center has two distinct functions. One is to write a new constitution. The other, not enunciated in the formal blue-bound handbook of the convention, is to advance the political education of George Wilcken Romney. And despite the built-in resistance to compromise of a devout Mormon and a successful industrialist, George Romney is not a slow learner.

Some years ago, teetotaler Romney began to serve highballs and cocktails to guests at dinner parties in his home, after he had come to realize that they often were arriving well fortified, sometimes too well fortified, for the ordeal of a dry evening. Here in the convention—and in the governor's office if he makes the grade in November—George Romney will have ample opportunity to make other and more important adjustments needed in pursuit of politics as the art of the possible.

His record indicates that he will catch on quickly. That record also indicates that he will not yield an inch on his fundamental convictions as to the steps the American economy and policy must take to find salvation.

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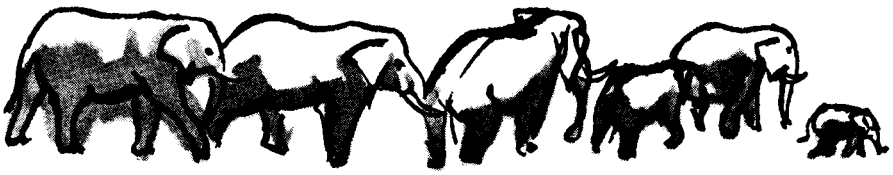

KANU, KADU
And the Shadow of the Congo

JEANNE CONTINI

NAIROBI

AS DELEGATES GATHERED in London in mid-February for the opening of the constitutional talks that are intended to clear the way for Kenya's independence, there was some wishful thinking that the physical transfer of negotiations from the feverish political climate of Nairobi to the neutral environs of London would effect a miraculous solution of the explosive racial and tribal fears, the violent personal political feuds, and the economic crises that have steadily been mounting in this British colony.

The most thorny problem facing any independent Kenya government is the minority populations' deep-seated apprehension over the probability of being ruled by the powerful Kenya African National Union (KANU), nominally headed by Jomo Kenyatta but under the actual leadership of Tom Mboya. The 1960 population figures for Kenya estimate 68,000 Europeans, 174,000 Asians, 39,000 Arabs, and about 6,200,000 Africans. Thus the KANU alliance, representing 1,500,000 Kikuyu, 750,000 Luo, and 600,000 Kamba, comprises almost one-half of the country's total African population. The Kenya Africans are divided into forty-eight tribes, many of them as different as Spaniards from Swedes in customs, language, religion, and temperament. It is generally conceded that the Kikuyu are the most industrious, sophisticated, and politically adept as well as the single biggest tribe numerically—but the six years that have passed since the end of the Mau Mau emergency are not long enough to dim recollection of the last Kikuyu attempt to dominate Kenya. It is small wonder then that the other tribes are as worried about their rights as are the European, Asian, and Arab communities.

The rival Kenya African Democratic Union (KADU), under its president, Ronald Ngala, represents the pastoral rather than the agricultural tribes—the Kalenjin and Abaluya in the west, the Masai, the Somalis, several smaller tribes in the Northern Frontier Province, and some of the coast tribes. Most of these tribes inhabit the periphery of Kenya, and have agitated for secession or regional autonomy as independence approaches.

While outnumbered eighteen to eleven by KANU in the Legislative Council, KADU is the functioning African wing of the present coalition government of Kenya. This anomaly came about a year ago because Tom Mboya and the then KANU President James Gichuru refused on behalf of their party to participate in the new government until the release of Jomo Kenyatta, who was still in jail for his Mau Mau activities. Their decision is widely considered the worst political blunder ever committed by these enlightened KANU leaders.

THE CHIEF policy difference between the two African nationalist parties, formed about two years ago, is over the shape the new constitution will take. KANU is pledged to a strong central government as the only means of uniting the nation. Racial minority and tribal fears are acknowledged and will be met by constitutional guarantees, e.g., a bill of rights giving adequate protection to individuals and minorities and the concession of as much power to local authorities as is consistent with a unified nation, including land transfers in tribal areas. KANU also wants a unicameral legislature consisting of elected members, with the privilege of nominating nonvoting members delegated to the prime minister. The reason advanced for the single chamber is to facilitate Kenya's incorporation in the anticipated East African Federation.

KADU, in contrast, advocates a federal constitution based on six regional governments and a bicameral legislature at the center. The KADU leaders have been confirmed in their stand for decentralization by what they consider the mistakes of other recently independent nations: the premature attempt to form a strong central government in the Congo which erupted into civil war and the dictatorial suppression of opposition leaders in Ghana.

KADU's founder, Ngala, who is also minister of education, has said: "We want a central government stable and competent enough to hold the country together. But there is need for other governing bodies, possibly based on current provincial administrations, with clearly defined powers to be written into the Constitution, and that are independent of the central government so far as possible." These regional powers embrace the supremely sensitive subject of land titles and resettlement, primary and secondary education, the power to levy certain taxes for local use, a police force, and local government with regional assemblies and public-service commissions with regional personnel.

The Secessionists

The KADU regional formula is designed to offer an acceptable compromise to the two Moslem secession movements led by the coastal-strip Arabs and the Somalis of the Northern Frontier Province.

The coastal-strip Arabs have sought autonomy since the pivotal January, 1960, Lancaster House talks, which laid the foundations for British withdrawal from Kenya. The ten-mile-wide strip covers almost two-thirds of Kenya's coastline, stop-

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ping at the Tanganyika frontier. It includes Mombasa, the only seaport serving both Kenya and Uganda, which supplies forty per cent of the traffic. For an annual payment of £16,000, Britain has leased the territory from the Sultans of Zanzibar since 1895, when the original treaty was signed. The Kenya Protectorate, as it is called, has been administered by the British as part of Kenya, although the Sultan has retained nominal sovereignty over the area.

Apart from their sentimental attachment to the Sultan, the Arabs, together with the Moslem Swahilis living along the coast, are unalterably opposed to being ruled by "up-country Africans." Their drive for autonomy has the sympathetic backing of the local Europeans for economic as well as other reasons. The Asians, mostly Indians, are on the fence.

Early last October, Sir James Robertson, a commissioner appointed jointly by the Colonial Office and the Sultan of Zanzibar, came down to spend a month investigating the coastal strip and make recommendations. In his report, Sir James concluded that the Protectorate should be integrated with Kenya before independence, with constitutional safeguards of minority rights. He recommended that Britain abrogate the old agreement and that a new one along the same lines be negotiated between the Sultan and the Kenya government. If such a new agreement should prove impossible, he suggested that the Sultan be invited to renounce his sovereignty, for which Britain would pay compensation.

As Sir James foresaw in a rueful commentary at the end, the report pleased nobody The reactions of the Arab leaders range from a quiet determination to look to some other country for protection if Britain lets them down to desperate threats of bloodshed.

Present Fear and Distant Hope

The Somali problem of the Northern Frontier Province is one of the many illustrations of the seemingly unshakable resolve on the part of emerging African governments to preserve the artificial boundaries established by the "infamous colonial powers." While the entire barren province covers an area of 126,767 square miles, the Somalis, numbering more than 100,000, are concentrated in the eastern third. This section, known as the Northern Frontier District, borders on the Somali Republic. What was a line between two administrative colonial districts at the turn of the century hardened into an international

boundary in 1924, when Britain gave Jubaland to Italy and attached the Northern Frontier District to Kenya.

In addition to the arbitrary four-hundred-mile frontier separating them from their brothers in the Somali Republic, the Somali tribesmen's claims rest on the fact that they have nothing whatsoever in common with the rest of Kenya. Like their western neighbors in the N.F.D., the Boran and Rendille tribes, the Somalis are of Hamitic origin and Moslem faith. They are thus set apart from the Kenya Africans by language, religion, and custom. It should be noted that since last August, when Kenya's Governor Sir Patrick Renison received an impressive delegation of twenty-two white-robed Somali chiefs, Britain has been seriously attentive to the Somalis' desire for union with the republic.

When Kenyatta proposed a trip to the Northern Frontier District last September, the local chiefs refused to be responsible for his safety. Since then, no KANU politician has set foot in the district. No one who has visited the Somali political stronghold of Wajir or has talked to the chiefs and party leaders can fail to be convinced of the fierce uncompromising nationalism animating Somali resistance to Kenya African domination.

THE Kenya economy has been badly shaken by the pervasive political malaise. The fears of European farmers and Asian merchants are accurately reflected in the continuing flight of liquid capital, the decline in imports of building materials and agricultural machinery, and the drop of £1,500,000 in the state revenue last year. Land values have fallen to one-tenth of what they were because of uncertainty over future resettlement plans for the "scheduled areas" —a euphemism for the fertile White Highlands. The ultraconservative white settlers are convinced that Britain's refusal to establish a fund to guarantee land values proves its intention of abandoning Africa to concentrate on the European Common Market. The farmers, who form the backbone of Kenya's agricultural economy, have suffered a further setback from drought and floods, and those with small holdings are at the end of their financial resources. Nevertheless, while there are periodic reports of families drifting away, many are prepared to stay.

The Asians, too, are prepared to stay, chiefly because they have no alternative except to leave their prosperous community for a status of comparative poverty in their ancestral India or Pakistan. At best, they fear second-class citizenship status; at worst, the fate of scapegoats in a wave of xenophobia that might follow independence.

An East African Federation is the potential solution to a great many problems, a fact recognized by everyone with any kind of stake in Kenya's future. It offers expanding markets for Kenya's agricultural and industrial output. The tendency of federation to promote decentralization in member states would soften the stresses of tribal autonomy and would automatically eliminate some of the border difficulties. The newly formed East African Common Services Organization, conceived to deal with customs, communications, post and telegraph, etc., offers a nucleus on which to build. However, despite former Prime Minister Julius Nyerere's presence at EACSO's first meeting, Tanganyika caused consternation by withdrawing from the

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Royal East African Navy in January, a month after achieving independence. The prospects for realization of a federation of East Africa look more distant than they did a few months ago. In any case, it is much too far off to function as a safety valve for the immediate political pressures.

Who Succeeds Kenyatta?

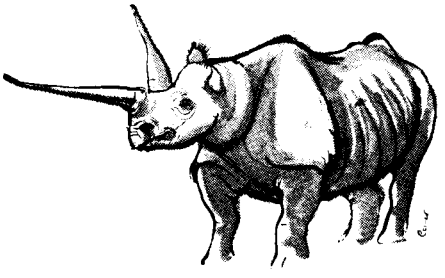
Jomo Kenyatta's assumption of the KANU presidency marked his gradual identification with partisan Kikuyu politics that has paralleled his decline as a national statesman. Possibly, his chances of success as a unifying force would have been much greater had he been released a year or so ago. His official age is seventy-one. Seeing him on the sun porch of the modest house constructed on the site of his birthplace, one has the impression of a retired general. The sinister "leader to darkness and death" described by Governor Sir Patrick Renison only last May is hardly discernible in the portly, paternal figure with silver-handled fly whisk and carved walking stick—except for a flicker in his pale eyes. Today, Kenyatta is an imposing figurehead without the power of resolving the intense conflicts within his own party, much less those of Kenya as a whole.

It is perfectly clear that the deepening rift between the responsible elements and the ex-Mau Mau terrorist group in KANU is more critical than the superficial struggle between KANU and KADU. Most of the former Mau Maus belong either to the "Land Freedom Army" or the KANU Youth Wing, which holds kangaroo courts, murdering and torturing fellow Africans for extortion or revenge. The exclusively Kikuyu Land Freedom Army, estimated by British security officers as between two and four thousand "thugs," demands land and top government jobs as compensation for having spilt blood for freedom. The two groups have tended to merge during the past year, and are gradually being cleaned up by the British with the tacit agreement of certain KANU officials.

Kenyatta has made a series of public statements appealing for discipline within the party. But he has not been able to control the Youth Wing, or to detach himself from the embarrassingly open support of the violent companions sentenced with him at the start of the Mau Mau emergency nine years ago. A European supporter of KANU defines these men as "the ones who move in the shadows, and who create conditions for a Communist state by wishing to grab something for nothing." They hate Tom Mboya as a Luo, and as a usurper who rose to prominence through the trade unions during their long penance in a remote desert corner of the Northern Frontier Province. This makes it difficult for the aging Kenyatta to confer on Mboya the mantle of his prestige and with it mass Kikuyu loyalty—even should he wish to do so.

Also opposed to Mboya is KANU Vice-President Oginga Odinga, who arranged for 120 Communist student fellowships following a visit to Peking and the Soviet Union in the fall of 1960. Odinga, who affects the beaded cap worn by Luo elders, has been receiving at least £10,000 of Chinese and Russian money monthly for the past sixteen months, according to British security officials. He has been the target of attacks in the press over his handling of Communist funds.

Tom Mboya is widely considered the single most promising politician in Kenya, even by some supporters of KADU. He has less formal education than many other African leaders in both parties, the majority



being former schoolmasters who hold degrees from Uganda's Makerere College or from British or American universities. He is skillful in debate, efficient, a good organizer and administrator, with long background experience at international conferences, a non-parochial attitude toward the problems facing his country, and the requisite showmanship for political success. On the other hand, his arrogance and tactlessness with close associates and his celebrated feminine conquests have earned him a formidable number of implacable enemies apart from those jealous of his renown at the age of thirty-two. Comments on Mboya's future are often qualified by the phrase "if he lives."

The crucial question in Kenya politics is whether Mboya will break away from KANU to form his own third party. His fame in the United States, especially, is not an accurate gauge of his present standing at home, where rivals have tried repeatedly to maneuver him into obscurity. The power of conferring American scholarships has helped in the past, but he has no cash to compete with Odinga. He has the allegiance of the Kenya Federation of Labour and overwhelming urban Kikuyu support, as attested by the huge majority that won him the Nairobi East seat in the Legislative Council in the February, 1961, elections. He has consolidated tribal backing via his recent marriage to U.S.-educated Pamela Odede, daughter of an important KANU Luo political figure. But at this stage, he has no assurance of the indispensable rural Kikuyu following.

In a recent pilot survey of public opinion conducted in Nairobi, Mboya and Ngala rated highest in popularity among Kenya's leaders. Though they are political adversaries, the two have parallel views on enough major issues to make a coalition workable and reasonable. As Ngala said, "It is not a question of what I, Kenyatta, or Mboya wants. We must create peace for the kind of independence we deserve."

Peace for Kenya is predicated almost entirely on what compromises are reached among its political leaders in London. It depends on whether they will satisfy the tribesmen who have been incited by some of these same leaders to poison their arrows and sharpen their spears while awaiting the outcome. The handful of men capable of looking beyond their personal ambitions to the national welfare are so haunted by the shadow of the Congo civil war that they are now less concerned about a deadline for independence than about how it will be achieved.

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India and the Rites of Politics

CREIGHTON BURNS

In India voting is a rite, an act that evokes the sentiment of democracy and at the same time reflects the fundamental themes of caste and community. The traditional village council, the village gossip place, the practice of verbal politics, the regal lushness of a recent past when maharajas and viceroys ruled with a pageantry that seemed partly divine—all these things have tended to make politics, in rural India at least, part of a way of life that is already set deep in the ritual of religion and caste. The struggle for independence from the British added a new heroic element. Indian politicians are often seen, and sometimes see themselves, as fresh additions to India's crowded pantheon.

Flower petals, dusted with vermilion, were found in some ballot boxes at the last election. In Madras, an old woman was heard to pray aloud inside the polling booth. These incidents were uncommon, but they can fairly be seen as characteristic of a community whose nerves can be set on edge (even the stock exchange slumped) by the prospect of eight planets in conjunction. When nominations for the recent Indian election opened on Saturday, January 13, not one paper was filed in Calcutta because the day was thought to be particularly inauspicious.

The temptation of the foreign observer, reacting against the over-exotic interpretations of Indian politics, is to make too little rather than too much of these things. If he sticks to the cities and to the English-language press he is overwhelmed by the familiar talk of democratic forms, party mechanics, and political manipulation, and by the running debate on economic planning. But this is to miss the richness and the reality of the Indian political system.

In India, voting as a rite is certainly democratic. The forms of democracy are more obvious, and probably more valued, than in most of the other newly independent nations of Asia, Africa, and the Middle East. Nearly 210 million of the 438 million Indians—the largest democratic electorate in the world—were offered ballots for the nation's third general election, held this February. Probably more than half of them will have voted when the final returns are in this spring. There is no poll tax or educational qualification, and the army plays no electoral role as it does in some of the more exuberant "democracies" of Southeast Asia. There has been a serious attempt to work out a code of ethics for political parties. Some voters were doubtless bought; more perhaps were intimidated by their caste and economic superiors. The Congress Party, which before the election governed with a membership of 365 in the Lower House of 506 members, and with absolute majorities in every state except Kerala (where it dominated the coalition), made relatively little electoral use of its power. But in terms of democratic forms, the Indian election was a relatively impressive exercise. Only the most hostile critic could deny its fundamental freeness.

To see Indian politics in terms of forms alone, however, is to miss the main point, for here the substance of politics—its content and style—conflicts with the forms.

Ritualism, the distinguishing characteristic of the Indian political system, operates at three levels: on the voters, on the politicians, and on the parties. Policies and issues are comparatively irrelevant. In this election, Goa and Communist China counted for something in the cities and towns; allegations of corruption and of inequality had rather more influence everywhere; party platforms mattered little. When Mr. Nehru presented the Congress Party platform to the Madurai session of the All-India Congress Committee last October, he blandly admitted that there was nothing new in it. The voters, who simply look to their own sort of people to advance their own immediate interests, confirmed his political acumen. The few reliable studies that are available in India suggest that if the Indian voter asks himself any question at all, it is not "What does this candidate stand for?" but "With whom does he stand?" And it is to the voter as a community or caste member that the politician must make his first appeal.

There are electorates in India where no Moslem would hope to win, and others where any Hindu candidate would only be throwing away his deposit. The Harijans (the former "untouchables") count only when they are thick on the ground. In Kerala the sub-caste Nairs count strongly because they are organized into a powerful political association. In parts of Madras it is political death to be a non-Tamil-speaking Brahman, and people from Bombay or Delhi are considered foreigners. The Communist Party does well in Madras because of its appeal to the landless laborers and the small peasants. But it does less well than it might because its leaders have been publicly damned as "just a bunch of Brahman boys."

This basic factionalism of the village feeds back through the whole political system. The Congress Party is officially in favor of eliminating caste and communal considerations from politics. More than once it has suggested that caste names be eliminated from the official lists. But when the Congress Central Election Committee published its list of candidates it included the caste suffixes.

Only in the great industrial cities —and that means Calcutta and Bombay—does caste count for little. But even there community loyalties continue to be important.

Bullocks and Ballots

It is this coercive influence of caste and community operating within, and despite, the democratic framework that gives the Indian election its distinctive characteristic. Because of it the Indian election becomes a type of folk dance organized around the affirmation of the very caste and communal values that all politicians reject in public. The electoral style is essentially verbal, taking its tone from the discursive quality of village life, where talking is the main form of entertainment and a large part of living itself. Electioneering

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of discussion linking the party and its candidates with the village gossip groups, the caste and communal consists of spinning a complex web associations, and the few occupational groups that matter—a handful of trade unions and merchants' associations.

Transport is the key to electoral communication in India. The jeep, the bicycle, and the portable loudspeaker are the main media. There are colorful exceptions: the Maharaja of Ramgarh, the Swatantra Party's apocalyptic leader in Bihar, descended on his deferential voters in a helicopter; a technique certain to maximize reverence. Slogans were mainly aimed at popularizing the parties' symbols—the yoked bullocks of the Congress Party, the Communists' ears of corn and sickle, Swatantra's blue star, Jana Sangh's lamp, the Praja Socialists' hut—for the majority of voters are still illiterate and cast their ballot for a symbol rather than a name. In many states, especially in the east and the south and in the Punjab, folk music and folk dramas were adapted for the occasion. Professional troupes of singers and dancers acted out the virtues of their party or satirized their opponents. The inseparable union of music and drama in Indian culture fits neatly into this technique of election campaigning. The traditional *qawali*—a type of Gallagher and Shean routine in which teams of singers compete with each other on a set theme—is perfect for politics though its normal function is to sharpen the battle of the sexes.

THROUGHOUT the talking and the singing and the parades, the focus remained on the political leaders. Their ritual is a separate one: the enhancement and perfection of Instant Charisma. Indian political leaders all have the air of being the keepers of the national conscience. Even the leaders of the religious and communal fringe parties (like the Akali Dal in the Punjab) talk as though they were a combination of martyr and folk hero. In many this quality is merely derivative. It comes from invoking the memory of Mahatma Gandhi, who teaches from the grave and whose sayings are still debated daily in the correspondence columns of the press. Some of his would-be disciples are patently bogus; they never followed him and they show little sign of having understood him. But many attain charismatic stature, with or without the supposed blessing of Gandhiji. This is certainly true of India's Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. He is beginning to show his years, but his talent remains clear, his temper sharp, and his touch usually sure. He can hold a mass audience in pin-drop silence with a long lecture on the problems of industrialization or the theory of democratic socialism.

Others compete: Rajaji (C. Rajagopalachari, India's only Indian Governor-General and the present leader of the Swatantra Party), a spry, argumentative sage; Ashoka Metha (the Praja Socialist leader), too much a scholar and a gentleman to be a really effective politician; Dr. Rammanohar Lohia, the lone-wolf Socialist who contested against the Prime Minister to "debunk him on the Goa issue"; and J. P. Narayan (ex-Congressman, ex-Praja Socialist, once a close disciple of Gandhiji, now land reformer Vinoba Bhave's first lieutenant), both shrewd and saintly, sometimes mentioned as "the next Prime Minister" and certainly the best politician in India without a political party. Of the major parties, only the Communists lack a distinctive national figure.

The Sea-Cucumber Syndrome

But it is in the political parties themselves that the ritualistic quality of Indian politics is found at its most distinctive. Particularly in the Congress Party, which is like the marine invertebrate known in some parts of the world as the sea cucumber: at the approach of an enemy it automatically disembowels itself, later regenerating the missing parts. In the process of selecting its candidates for an election which no one believed it could lose (except, of course, for the evil effects of those eight planets) Congress went through its usual sacrificial ritual of self-destruction. In nearly every state the party split; in some (Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, Mysore, and Rajasthan) the split was near distintegration. In the competition for a place on the Congress ticket, the frustrated aggression of a party without an opposition turned against itself. Ministerial and organizational cliques attacked or subverted each other. Old scores were settled and new party patronage systems built up overnight. The high command sent out "observers" to keep the peace and see fair play (or, some say, to pack the state tickets in favor of some central minister), but its intervention seldom pacified the dissidents.

The result was that when the lists came to the Central Election Committee in New Delhi for final decision, a flood of protests and petitions hit the high command. When the lists were completed, the resignations began rolling in: three hundred in Jaipur city alone, but some in nearly every state. A group of young dissidents in Bombay resigned from Congress to form an "Anti-Menon Youth Front" to support all Congress candidates but Krishna Menon. The high command announced the appointment of more "observers" to see that Congress members in the states did not sabotage their own candidates.

The Congress Party is not unique in this; all the parties have undergone this ritualistic disemboweling. A random dip in the pre-election press produced headlines like "SOCIALIST WORKERS JOIN CONGRESS," "6,000 LIKELY TO QUIT PSP," "AKALI DAL SECRETARY RESIGNS," and even "TWO COMMUNIST MLA'S JOIN SWATANTRA."

ONE CAN, of course, find rational explanations for this deadly game of political musical chairs. In a patronage system only power, effective or oppositional, counts. The proved political adage "If you can't beat 'em, join' em" works almost as well in reverse: those who are denied power have an interest in sabotaging the privileged; it's the only way to get back into the game.

But in India such explanations seem superfluous. Factionalism has firm roots in village society. There is no reason to wonder that it should grow with sufficient strength to split open the party edifices on top. Anyway, in a country that takes its politics as the great life game, what else can Political Man do if he is left out of an election whose result is a foregone conclusion?

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Medicine's Forgotten Women

BARBARA CARTER

THE MOUNTING CONCERN over the nation's health would seem to indicate that at last we are taking the issue seriously. President Kennedy has put medical care for the aged in top place among "legislation that must be passed by Congress this year." The U.S. Public Health Survey has just begun its first intensive examination into the general public's health. And Congress has authorized (once again) more spending for medical research than the administration requested.

But the welfare of nurses, whose role is an essential one in nearly all health services, has not been the subject of much public concern. The consequences of such apathy are beginning to tell, and nurses in several states, including Illinois, Tennessee, and California, have taken the unprecedented step of resigning en masse to protest their employment conditions. Meanwhile, the nursing shortage has risen to twenty per cent, doubling the vacancy rate since 1958, and the percentage of high-school graduates entering the profession has dropped significantly. Some hospitals, such as Fordham and Greenpoint in New York, have been ordered closed for lack of nurses, and some new wings have never been used for the same reason. Yet the public apparently still takes the nurses for granted, and the nurses have thus far been unable to do much about it.

A few figures are in order. Almost two-thirds of the nation's 504,000 active registered nurses are employed in hospitals, and sixty per cent of these are general-duty nurses, the position where the most vacancies are reported. The average salary earned by a nurse at this level in a nongovernmental hospital is $3,900. (The situation is somewhat better all around in government hospitals, but private nonprofit hospitals employ more than two-thirds of all hospital nurses.) The average factory worker earns almost a thousand dollars a year more—$4,730. And the average classroom teacher, whose economic distress has been widely publicized in recent years, earns what suddenly appears to be a generous $5,215 a year. The wage of a New York City bus driver, which was raised to $108 a week after the New Year's Day strike, is appreciably more, especially with overtime pay, than the national average of $103.85 for the top hospital nursing position, that of nursing director.

Money, however, is only part of the picture. The large majority of nurses do not have unemployment insurance, do not get time and a half for overtime, do not get compulsory Social Security coverage, and do not have a voice in determining their own working conditions. Very few of them have been able to engage in the type of collective bargaining that leads to a negotiated contract. If their benefits haven't increased, their burdens have, particularly in the added numbers of auxiliary personnel to supervise.

1947 and All That

After the Second World War, while standards of living were generally moving upward in the United States, nurses found themselves at an unusual disadvantage. In 1946, their professional organization, the American Nurses' Association, which was founded in 1896 to foster high standards of nursing practice and education, initiated an "Economic Security Program." Nurses, who are especially sensitive about their status as members of a profession, still find it difficult to engage in what they prefer to call "union-like" activity, and at the beginning of their program they voluntarily gave up the right to strike. At the same time, however, the ANA trained its state association officers to serve as representatives—when asked—to negotiate with employers on salaries, hours, and so forth. By 1947, it had been able to negotiate contracts and engage in collective bargaining in three or four states. But then came the Taft-Hartley Act, which for the first time specifically excluded nonprofit hospitals, or half of the country's hospitals, from the legal obligation to bargain collectively. Since then, the nurses' representatives have been able to negotiate contracts in a total of only seven states.

The Taft-Hartley bill's reference to hospitals, which had been sponsored by the American Hospital Association and Johns Hopkins Hospital, was slipped in from the floor by the late Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland, and adopted with practically no debate.

In prior hearings, the Hospital Association had argued that patients' fees and charitable contributions were not a "proper" subject for collective bargaining, and that citizens should be protected from strikes against nonprofit hospitals. The latter point, as far as nurses are concerned, was irrelevant, since they had already given up the right to strike. The president of Johns Hopkins Hospital had pointed to a somewhat mystical connection between the community and the hospital (". . . in effect simply two parts of the same entity") and concluded that "It would, therefore, seem highly unethical and detrimental to the public welfare for [a] hospital . . . to be compelled to bargain with a stated group or labor union. . . ."

Senator Tydings may not have understood the A.H.A.'s maneuver. When he offered his amendment, he was asked only one question: "What does the amendment do . . . ? Does it prevent hospital employees, particularly nurses, from organizing . . . ?" "I do not think it would," Mr. Tydings replied, and added, "I do not think the amendment will affect them in the slightest way as to salaries. I will say . . . they can still protest, they can still walk out." With this assurance, the Senate promptly adopted his amendment.

Since then, hospital administrators have tended to act as if the exclusion not only frees them from any legal requirement to bargain collectively, which it does, but also as if it forbids them to negotiate with nurses' representatives, which it doesn't.

If the nurses ever succeed in getting the clause out of the labor act (and the AFL-CIO itself is reluctant to bring up the subject of changes just now) and if its removal were to prompt the nine states that have added the provision to their labor

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laws to do the same, the most the nurses could hope for would be a better chance to state their case. The real issues would still have to be fought out, and here the nurses are very much alone against a highly organized and formidable opponent, the American Hospital Association. Moreover, the nurses are divided among themselves.

Crisis at Kewanee

Hemmed in both by Taft-Hartley and their own resolve to avoid the more militant forms of unionism, nurses are left with little alternative but to endure or walk out individually, as Senator Tydings casually suggested. Twenty-four of the forty-six nurses at Kewanee, Illinois, Public Hospital did just that last summer. Their story is instructive.

It began in January, 1961, when Kewanee, a nonprofit hospital, raised patients' fees, explaining that the nurses were getting raises. At that time, the beginning salary for a general-duty nurse at Kewanee was $235 a month, $79 below the state average for beginning nurses. In March, after the nurses had pointedly inquired about the heralded raise, the administrator of the hospital offered them a tempting choice: either a salary increase with a fifty per cent cut in the nursing staff, or the same salary with the same number on the staff. The nurses chose the latter.

In April, however, a raise was given, but by that time the nurses, through information supplied by the state branch of the ANA, were more aware of their position relative to the rest of the state. Their average salary, after the raise, came only to $279, while the going rate for nurses in the state was $333. At this point seventy-five per cent of the hospital's nurses decide to make their state association their bargaining agent.

As a first step, they undertook a systematic study of their situation. They discovered that some of the hospital's practices violated state licensing laws, and were in the process of surveying current salaries on the nursing staff when the hospital administration fired the nurse who was gathering this basic information.

The ANA representative and the local chairman thereupon asked the hospital administrator for a meeting, which was refused in line with the Illinois State Hospital Association's policy that "funds allocated for the care of patients will not be subject to bargaining with third parties representing only employee interests. . . ." "The legal precedent for this policy," it was explained, "has been clearly established by the exemption granted hospitals" by the Taft-Hartley Act.

The Kewanee board, however, agreed to meet with the nurses on condition they not bring along an ANA representative.

They met on June 20. On the one side sat the owners of three local businesses, a bank representative, a traffic manager, a personnel manager, and two attorneys; on the other, a few nurses chosen as spokesmen by their group. Before the women could make any presentation of their grievances, they were told that the board would not deal with them as a group but only on an individual basis.

Up against what seemed a blank wall, twenty-four nurses resigned, carefully spacing out their departures. Their decision was not made without a great deal of soul-searching, and the repercussions were nation-wide. Not only was the story covered in the state press, but the hospital's version received full play in the Illinois Hospital Association's newsletter, which in turn was picked up verbatim by the New York Hospital Association and carried in a number of other states' hospital newsletters. It almost sounded like a call to arms.

'On to Slavery'

Despite the formidable opposition massed against them, seventeen of twenty-four nurses working for below-average salaries without night differential or overtime pay in a Southern hospital (which will not be identified here because of possible reprisals against the nurses) decided to ask their state branch of the ANA to assist them as bargaining agent. The administrator's reply to the ANA was brief: "I have no intention of permitting third-party interference in the management of this hospital when no conflict exists in any department. . . ." The administrator lost no time in notifying the state Hospital Association that trouble was brewing. It duly sent a letter to each administrator of all the member hospitals in the state inviting them to meetings to discuss ways to implement their resolution against collective bargaining. The Kewanee incident was very much on their minds. "In Illinois," the invitation warned, "a similar pattern has developed in one of the hospitals resulting in a number of the nurses resigning from the staff and with full accounts being published in the press on a statewide basis." Included was a "Statement of Policy to Serve as a Guide to Member Hospitals." Its fifth and final point was: "Each hospital should realize the importance of communicating immediately with the Central Office of [the state] Hospital Association if approached by any group concerned with collective bargaining. The Association will serve as a clearing house and will mobilize such help as may be available from member hospitals informed of developments within the state and maintain liaison with the American Hospital Association."

EARLIER, the administrator had written a fatherly letter to the hospital nurse who was chairman of the local unit. "It was," he confessed, ". . . a great disappointment to me to receive a letter from the State Nurses' Association recently in which they state you had instructed them to represent seventeen nurses . . . The [state] Hospital Association and I, as Administrator of this hospital, consider it unnecessary, unethical and ill-advisable to enter into third-party dealings . . . If I might digress for a moment, let me warn you of the communistic influence in this country which is usually spread by parasitic groups that make their living creating dissatisfaction when it does not exist, and appealing to the GREED of individuals who may act without thinking of its effect on his fellow man. The cycles in history show that benefits gained are paid for by giving greater contributions to these parasitic groups which will lead you through socialism and communism, on to slavery. It has been estimated that if all Graduate Nurses lower themselves to this status, the dues they would pay into the 'slush' fund would be over 24 MILLION DOLLARS

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each year to spend on creating additional discontent."

Having delivered himself of this beguiling intepretation of the history of collective bargaining, the administrator returned to the point of his letter. "How can hospitals respect your ability, sincerity, and loyalty," he asked the nurse, "if your work is guided solely by selfish interests? In conclusion, I wish to advise that if you go through with this ill-advised act, you have lost your professional status and will receive no other consideration than non-professional employees. I urge you to carefully weigh your action in respect to your profession, your hospital, and the people of this city."

In the end, the nurses' professional organization was kept out, though the nurses on their own were able to get some improvement of their position.

And so it goes. In Idaho, four hospital nurses were fired for disloyalty and "gross insubordination" as they attempted to improve their conditions. In Iowa, a Dubuque industrial hospital fired its head nurse and forced two others to resign when they sought assistance from the Iowa Nurses' Association. In Tennessee, the staff nurses of a Nashville hospital, who were getting about $25 a month less than other nurses in the Nashville area but whose protests were of no avail, finally gave two weeks' notice, but got their raise on the date their resignations were to become effective.

Some 280 nurses in eight nonprofit hospitals in Orange County, California, joined the ANA in order to improve their economic condition, to establish better nursing practices, and to persuade the hospitals to enter into collective bargaining with them. The hospitals first offered a $30-a-month increase over the $72.50 weekly starting salary, then brought such pressure to bear that nine nurses were forced to resign and one was fired. Nevertheless, the campaign has had some success: a few hospitals have provided regular salary increases, payment for overtime, and unemployment benefits.

And finally this January, again in Illinois (only 165 miles from Kewanee), all the nurses except the director in a Jerseyville hospital announced their resignations. The issues here were not so much salary as nursing standards, and an unusual feature was the medical staff's support of the nurses. The doctors, in fact, had sent a resolution to the board, noting that routine care of the patients had deteriorated alarmingly and asked that the board fire the administrator. By early February, the administrator had resigned and a settlement of sorts had been reached, but the nurses' state bargaining representative was excluded from the arrangement.

One decisive ANA success should be mentioned here—one that the seemingly more sophisticated members of the labor movement might well envy. The Nurses' Association has found a more effective means of bringing in Southern Negro members than many more experienced labor leaders can boast. They took them directly into their national association when the local Southern organizations demurred, and today all their state branches accept Negroes as members.

On Everybody's Hate List

In spite of the increasing number of courageous but isolated acts of protest by the nurses, their national organization wonders, "How far can we push them when we have no way to protect them?" Moreover, by no means all nurses are behind their professional organization. Not only do their environment and the pressures they face militate against active outspoken support, but their national organization has suddenly dropped its cloistered role as handmaiden to the American Medical Association and come out independently for medical care for the aged under Social Security, Federal aid to higher education, and a stepped-up "Economic Security Program."

"Now we're on everybody's hate list," was the remark of one ANA member, ruefully acknowledging that ANA membership has dropped suddenly as a result. In 1958, when it first took its stand on Federal care for the aged, its membership totaled 190,463. Today it stands at 170,000.

The ANA's independence on these matters has jolted the A.M.A. as much as the positions themselves. In 1959, one considerate member of the Florida Medical Association supplied a formal resolution for the state nurses' group to use in reversing their stand on Federal care for the aged. Though they turned it down flat, the same tactic has been tried in other states. Last spring it was reported in *Medical World News* that a special meeting of A.M.A. officials and state leaders had decided "to work on the grass roots level to get local nursing groups to repudiate the ANA endorsement of the Social Security approach to aged care coverage."

"Why aren't nurses our allies any more?" Dr. Alfred P. Ingegno asks in the November 6, 1961, issue of *Medical Economics,* which is described as a "business magazine for doctors." He pointed to the charge that ". . . in some areas doctors have been putting pressure on nurses to bend them to medicine's point of view" and recommended that "we should support the ANA's effort to improve the salaries and working conditions of nurses in hospitals. . . . By aligning ourselves with the nursing profession as it strives for adequate recognition, doctors will be serving an urgent national need for more nurses. . . . It's obvious that the most natural way to stimulate interest in nursing careers is by keeping the nursing profession satisfied, both professionally and economically. It's a better way than scholarships, subsidies, government programs, and pep talks. All these get endless discussion, while everyone —doctors included—turns his back on the hard economic facts of nursing life."

The doctor's remarks touch on a difficult point. Though having the same needs as other employed persons, the nurses are inhibited to a large degree by their concern for their patients and by their determination to maintain their status as professionals. Yet in spite of the stiff professional opposition against them, they have come out strongly for the Kennedy administration's stand on Federal care for the aged and Federal aid to higher education.

For its part, Washington's only recent actions on this serious matter have been a drive to recruit nurses among Indians to be trained in New Mexico and a four-cent stamp honoring the nursing profession.

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Is the Food Stamp Plan Working?

JULIUS DUSCHA

SIX MILLION Americans get surplus food free each month because they claim that they do not have enough money to feed themselves. But experience with the recently revived New Deal food stamp plan indicates that the number of hungry Americans is probably far less.

Last summer the stamp plan replaced the free food program in Detroit and seven other areas where unemployment is high. Immediately the number of people claiming to be short of food in these areas dropped by half, though there was no comparable reduction in relief rolls or improvement in employment.

What, then, happened to these hungry people? The harsh fact seems to be that most of them were willing to pick up a free box of groceries but unwilling to spend a modest part of their small income for food in order to get free additional items that they badly need for an adequate diet.

Under the free food program now in effect in almost fifteen hundred counties, few questions are asked of applicants for the commodities. City and county welfare agencies get the food in carload lots from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. All that the local officials now do is hand it out. Whatever repackaging is necessary can be done cheaply, generally by persons on the relief rolls. In many depressed areas people get the food (usually flour, corn meal, and powdered milk) if they show up on distribution day. Welfare officials candidly admit that many families try to get along on the government free food and spend whatever money comes their way—money that they ought to be using on food to supplement the frugal surplus diet—on less essential products.

UNDER the food stamp plan a family of four with a monthly income of one hundred dollars, for example, would have to agree to spend at least eighteen dollars on food to get sixteen dollars' worth of additional food free. To put it another way, they buy thirty-four dollars' worth of food coupons from the government for eighteen dollars. The stamp plan thus seeks to make certain that needy families spend what they can afford for food, and the total purchasing power of the coupons makes it possible for them at least to approach a balanced diet.

Families participating in the plan, which is open to any low-income person whether or not he is on relief, may buy practically any food that they want simply by presenting the coupons at any grocery store that participates in the program. Only food from foreign countries is not included in the program. The free surplus food program, on the other hand, distributes starchy foods for the most part because those are the kind that are in oversupply. But the gray one-dollar coupons and the red twenty-five-cent coupons that the stamp plan participants receive each month are as good as legal tender both to the needy and to the grocers, who deposit them in banks like money. Federal Reserve banks then reimburse the local bankers. The coupons are slightly smaller than a dollar bill and can be sorted and counted by the same banking machines that handle paper money.

The food stamp plan was first tried out in the United States from 1939 to 1943. It was one of the latter-day New Deal innovations and was generally regarded as a successful way to help raise farmers' incomes by increasing food consumption among the needy. Orange and blue stamps were issued, the former good for the purchase of any food, and the latter valid only for surplus foods.

The plan was revived by Congress in the mid-1950's but was never put into effect because former Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson vehemently opposed the idea. Instead, Benson commissioned a study designed to show that the national plan would cost at least $600 million annually. (The experimental program is actually costing less than three million dollars a month.) During the 1960 Democratic primary in West Virginia, President Kennedy promised to revive the plan if he were elected. Soon after Inauguration Day the President ordered Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman to put the plan on trial in eight areas. Although the program is primarily a welfare measure, it has remained an Agriculture Department responsibility because Congress usually will appropriate funds to help farmers, even if indirectly, far more readily than it will vote money to aid the needy.

Feeding Detroit's Hungry

In Detroit not long ago I talked with welfare officials who are administering the food stamp plan and with many of the needy who are benefiting from it. Detroit, the only large city where the plan has been tested, itself accounts for eighty thousand of the 140,000 people benefiting from the program. The other areas where the plan has been in operation since last summer are McDowell County in West Virginia, Fayette County in the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania, Floyd County in eastern Kentucky, Franklin County in southern Illinois, the cities of Virginia and Hibbing and surrounding areas on the Northern Minnesota iron range, Silver Bow County in Montana, and San Miguel County in New Mexico. In all of these depressed areas the cost of the program is paid for by

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the Federal government but state and local welfare officials administer the plan. A total of 280,000 persons in the eight areas were getting free food before the stamp plan was substituted for the surplus direct distribution program. The stamp plan will be expanded this year to include additional depressed areas.

Welfare officials in the eight areas like the plan because it gets them out of the wholesale food business and because it can provide balanced diets for people in need. And in these days when spiraling welfare expenditures are often questioned, the stamp plan enables officials to show taxpayers that some of the money, at least, is being used for the unexceptionable purpose of feeding the hungry.

Before the food stamp plan was put into effect, the Detroit Welfare Department was the biggest food distributor in the city. Last spring it was handing out food each month to 190,000 persons—twelve per cent of the city's population. The lines at the surplus distribution centers got longer last winter after the Kennedy administration added butter and canned pork and gravy to the list of such surplus staples as rice, rolled oats, beans, peanut butter, dried eggs, and the familiar flour, corn meal, and powdered milk.

"When we had butter," Robert J. Temple, the assistant superintendent of the Detroit Welfare Department told me, "we always had more people applying for surplus food."

To unemployed Detroit automobile workers like M. C. Edwards, a forty-six-year-old widower who has been out of work for two years, the stamp plan means meat, potatoes, and milk. He is on relief and tries to live on $120 a month. He has a thirteen-year-old daughter to support. His rent is $50 a month and his heating bills sometimes run $25 a month in winter. Edwards gets $16 in free food coupons for the $32 he pays. (The size of a family and its income determine the ratio of bonus to purchased coupons.) Under the free surplus food program Edwards got only $8 worth of the limited number of surplus commodities. Edwards's case comes close to the average in Detroit, where for every dollar spent on food coupons fifty-two cents in bonus coupons are given away. The average for all eight food stamp areas works out to a thirty-seven per cent bonus. "If it weren't for the food stamps," said Edwards, an Alabama Negro who first came to Detroit in 1943, "I don't know what I'd do."

Agriculture Department studies of the stamp plan in Detroit and the other seven areas where it has been operating indicate that the program has substantially increased food consumption among the participating families. Purchases of meat, milk, fruits, and vegetables have accounted for eighty per cent of the increase. It is estimated that half of the low-income families using the plan now get enough food to meet adequate nutrition standards, while only one-fourth of all low-income families generally have a balanced diet.

"We like to think," said Temple, "that every time a few more families get into the plan it will mean another steer on the line back in Iowa." Up to now, however, the stamp plan has had no noticeable effect on the nation's ever-mounting farm surpluses or on farmers' income. Only a vastly expanded program would begin to make a dent in either of these perplexing farm problems.

After more than six months' experience with the food stamp plan, Detroit's welfare superintendent, Daniel J. Ryan, sees both its shortcomings and successes. Although the program is doing all that Ryan, an early supporter of the plan, had hoped it would do to improve the diets of the participants, he concedes that the plan is not reaching nearly as many people as could be helped by it. Ryan is a tough administrator who has long held that a welfare program ought not to dole out money to the needy without making certain that the funds are spent for essentials. Everyone who is on the City of Detroit relief rolls, which are financed with state and local funds, must use the food stamp plan. Relief recipients constitute half of the persons participating in the food stamp plan in the city.

Persuasion or Compulsion?

But the Federal government cannot compel anyone to use food stamps. Thus, although the plan would seem to be ideally suited to the needs of families with small children, only about a third of the more than thirty-five thousand people receiving Federal aid-to-dependent-children (ADC) grants in Detroit are taking advantage of the plan, despite intensive campaigns by relief officials to get them into the program. This is the story in the other food stamp areas, too.

Yet every one of these families would benefit from the food stamp plan, and Ryan thinks they all should be required to use it. Such a requirement may be written into the Federal relief laws Congress is being asked to revise this year. The amount of bonus coupons given to participants ranges from thirty-five to 150 per cent, and families with no income get all their coupons free. In addition to persons on relief, participants include families whose only income is from unemployment compensation benefits, retired persons who receive inadequate Social Security payments, elderly people with meager private means, and even a Detroit policeman with eight children who discovered that despite his $75 a week income he was still eligible because of his large family. The $30 that he receives each month in bonus coupons takes care of his milk bill. In Detroit a family of four with a monthly income of no more than $265 is eligible to participate in the plan.

Welfare officials believe that most of the people who were getting free surplus food but who have stayed out of the stamp plan are among low-income families who are not on relief, families getting unemployment benefits, ADC cases, and the

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 50

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
9 91 118 96 125 210 48
The heads of the Moslem state. (Alt. sp.)

B
159 148 42 212 222 2 178 219 56 119 224
98 26
Feeble, ill-grown creatures. (Scot.)

C
74 16 142 156 168
The Acrostician's home town.

D
20 84 182 114
Oxford slang for the first public examinations for the B.A.

E
101 23 60 108 32 164 166
Members of a Jewish sect, authors of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

F
54 188 121 94 12 200 206 36
A kind of bowling game.

G
38 72 44 176 130
Russian name of Kaunas.

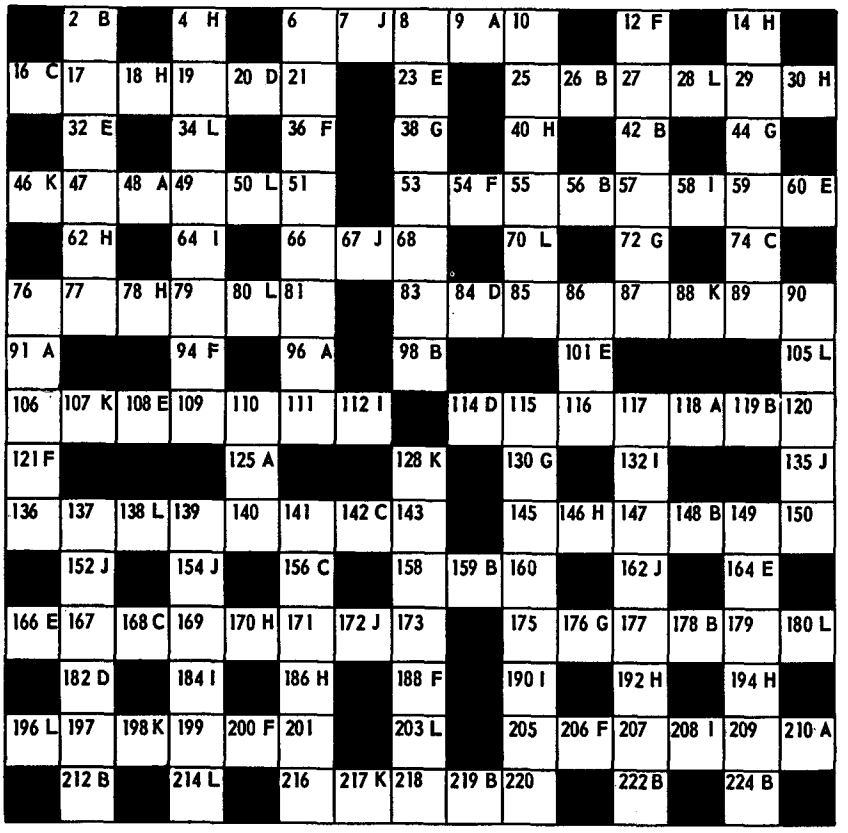
H
14 78 4 170 62 30 186 194 192 146 18 40
Nobles in Germany noted for exacting tolls from travelers. (6,6)

I
208 190 64 112 184 58 132
Alternate spelling for the last name of the author of "Ralph Roister Doister."

J
154 67 152 172 162 7 135
Hung or roved about. (Slang)

K
88 198 107 46 217 128
Bones of the inner ear.

L
180 70 28 196 203 80 138 214 34 105 50
Coarse labiate weeds, Galeopsis tetrahit. (4,7)



ACROSS

6. Magistrates have noses. (Slang)
16. Can one mince a theater?
25. Rome is in a substance composed of elements in the same proportion.
46. It's a sin to demand too much.
53. They're Lesser or Greater, at least in fifty!
66. We are backward in Italy -- a particle.
76. When you meet your love with a little growl, you fall prone!
83. Drinks especially suited for hospitality?
106. Raved about it and confirmed it.
114. They used to call Cal sage, but did they make a shrinkage allowance?
136. Consider a craft. It will lead to something produced.
145. Is a Tory an authorized attestor?
158. I find a botanical growth in my lawn mower.
166. What one turtle may do to another or what a rubber band may do? (4,4)
175. The grafting approach found in Berlin architecture.
196. Something for the eyebrow, the artist, or the writer.
205. Swallow the final penguin, but not in pain.
216. This composer looms large.

DOWN

2. A Cincinnati player at an inn for a meal.
4. I hear that he can be a departer but he's one of the faithful.
6. Is Abe still in a French calaboose?
8. Why not ask any civil engineer obliquely?
10. Rest is quite suitable for a nun.
12. Many in worship of Apollo, I perceive. (Gk.)
14. A lever to show how a lawyer might have labeled the case of one of Defoe's ladies.
76. Country of the Acrostician.
86. A Roman goddess is found surrounded by avid, eager worshipers.
90. The third and fourth letters, I hear, are shabby.
110. An Arab region of terrific strength.
115. Throw a cover about the inn; there's a schemer about.
117. Disclose thy large laziness.
128. When a prospector is doing this, is he skating on thin ice?
137. Borrow a Round Tower or lend it.
139. Camp in it when a blow comes.
141. Lands of the Arab, the French find, can be plowed.
149. A clear little book that I remember.

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aged. Some people with extremely low incomes do not understand that they qualify for the plan even though they are not on relief. Some of the aged do not eat as much as nutritionists say they should and therefore do not see how they could benefit from the program. It is also probable that people who didn't mind waiting in line for free food at an official agency of the government are embarrassed about the idea of showing up in a local grocery store with a form of money that calls attention to their poverty.

But welfare officials say that the vast majority of the missing simply do not want to commit any part of their small income for food. They have learned from hard experience that the rent, heat, and utility bills must be paid each month but that they can skimp on food if necessary to meet their other commitments and have a little money left over to spend as they wish. In many cases people would rather keep up payments on a television set or a car than exchange the cost of either or both for an adequate diet.

In the revived food stamp plan, however, are the seeds of a program that could make certain that every American family has enough of the proper kind of food. And welfare officials are convinced that the time may come when the providing of adequate amounts of food will be considered as necessary in an industrial society as pensions and unemployment-compensation benefits. But to be more than a modest success the stamp plan would need more compulsory features. There are good grounds for requiring everyone who receives relief to participate.

Ever since the extensive farm price support programs began in the early 1930's there has been an element of government subsidy in most food purchased by Americans, but some of the Federal farm programs have raised food prices and thus made it more rather than less difficult for many persons to eat adequately. It doesn't make sense for Americans to go hungry while their government is storing surplus food at a cost of nearly a million dollars a day. The food stamp plan offers at least one way to get more food sold over the counter in an open market.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Goodbye to the High Jump and Lyre-Horned Cattle

From African picture books, a blaze of memory
Leaps with strong-limbed Watusi over lofty bars,
The trembling air surging with bronze pleasure
When light-footed leapers are life's measure.

In swift, lyrical war of the fifteenth century,
The seven-foot Watusi soared from the dark north,
Singing to their herd, conquering the Bahutu in battle.
Who can defeat high-jumpers with lyre-horned cattle?

Invincible reign for centuries, the Watusi high-jumping
To happiness, served in the depths by pygmies,
Molders of fine pots to thrust into high hands
For eating joy, and pipes to cleave the sky with clouds.

Yet modern weapons level; the lofty heights hang
With the depths, and the Watusi turn to their servant pygmies,
Hire them to shape tiny blowguns of fear.
For killing Bahutu, they pay them with beer.

From dense thickets, the poisoned darts pierce,
And from smoking sky, the high-jump lords descend,
Alarms for soldiers of average height sound to the border,
Hundreds of giants and pygmies are arrested for order.

Goodbye to the high jump and lyre-horned cattle,
Plain cows graze in the fields for the future's fancy.
As Watusi shrink, pygmies ascend, all shall be level
For Adam, average again with his normal Devil.

—James Schevill

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The Picture of Lev Nikolayevich

NEDRA TYRE

THE SMALL PHOTOGRAPH, faded to the *café au lait* tinge of old snapshots, hangs high on the wall; it is alone there and askew, just beyond reach of the huge lopsided "V" of the television antenna. It is of a man walking along a country road just wide enough for carts; his back is to the viewer, he is stooped, his hands are close to his sides, and beyond him and to his right is a wood. The air that pervades the scene is so solitary and private that it does not seem possible that a photographer on the alert for a revelatory shot could have been stalking his quarry. But one was. The picture is proof.

I have looked at this photograph for years now, ever since the middle 1940's when I was Nadia's student at a small college in the South and first visited her in her cluttered hospitable rooms. Once there were three photographs, and they formed a kind of triptych on another wall of another apartment in which Nadia lived. I can't remember the precise poses but they were all made at the same time, and are of Tolstoy walking along a road on his estate, Yasnaya Polyana. Those other two photographs were given by Nadia several years ago to Tolstoy's daughter Alexandra. Nothing can diminish the fact of that happiness, nothing that the later bleak years held: her husband shot by the Bolsheviks, her little boy's death from an epidemic when Nadia and he were refugees in Romania, her own imprisonments, the loss of her family—nothing can dilute or alter the memory of her pleasure as the child of her parents and as the friend of the Tolstoys.

THE PHOTOGRAPH is so familiar to me that I haven't inspected it recently. But on this late Sunday afternoon I stare at it and note some of its particulars. I call out to Nadia, down the hall busy with some chore: "What kind of trees are in this picture?"

She shouts that she can't answer because she hasn't heard what I've asked, and I walk down the hall to the bathroom, where she is bent over the tub washing a dress. Her back is to me; it seems strong and young, as do her legs; only her white hair shows any sign of age. About this task of washing, as about anything she does around the house, there is a feeling of improvisation, as if a dress is being laundered for the first time in the history of household duties and may very well not prove to be practical at all. There is a sense of tentativeness, as though a bride is making her initial stab at housekeeping procedures.

I tell her that I had asked what kinds of trees were in the picture of Tolstoy.

"Birches, of course."

I protest that they don't look like birches, at least not all of them;

some of them are much more like fir or cedar.

"I assure you they can't be cedars. Cedars don't grow that far north. Some might be fir. But most of them are birch. There can be no mistake about that."

Nadia is a teacher of sociology whose specialty is statistics; she has a fondness for verifiable facts. She leaves the dress to bloat itself and float in the bathtub. Her hands are dripping from the washing as she advances toward Tolstoy. She has forgotten that she isn't wearing her glasses, and she must search among the mounds and accumulations of papers and magazines and books on the tables and chairs and sofa. This seeking for her glasses is habitual. She finds a case, puts on the glasses from it, returns to the photograph only to discover that she has on her long-distance glasses; there is the same tired comedian's routine while her fingers begin again their ferreting for the other pair; they are located behind the bread, spilling from its wrapping on the window sill.

"There may be a fir or two," she says, "but I assure you most of these trees are birch." She inspects the picture a moment longer, then says: "Lev Nikolayevich is walking toward his grave."

"But we are all walking toward our graves."

"Don't be sententious," Nadia chides me. "In this photograph Lev Nikolayevich is walking toward his grave. I mean it literally. He's buried just beyond that turning in the road. Just as he wished. Exactly as he directed."

Nadia sets both pairs of glasses down in places she will not remember and goes back to the dress in the bathtub. An end to her skirmishing comes soon and she hangs the dress on the porch just outside the sitting room. I glance out of the window of the tiny sitting room that is also the dining room and the study to the porch. I notice the boxes where geraniums and begonias flourish, and then I glance toward the clothesline. Next to the dress spattering its drippings there are four dollar bills hung separately by clothespins. When I question Nadia about them, she explains: "I was richer than I thought. I had four dollars in the pocket of this dress that I didn't know about. I hope they're drip-dry."

I TURN AGAIN to look at Tolstoy, and Nadia comes to sit with me. First she removes a peak of books from the chair and stacks them on a heap in another chair, a minor, haphazard piling of Pelion on Ossa, and her gaze follows mine above the "V" of the TV antenna.

"Lev Nikolayevich was so kind to children," she says. "So patient, so dear. I've told you this, surely. Never mind, I'll tell it again. Once there was this affair, I don't remember what—something public at an auditorium or hall. Lev Nikolayevich said to me, come along, Nadusha, let's go, and I said, but I'm not dressed for it, and he said, look

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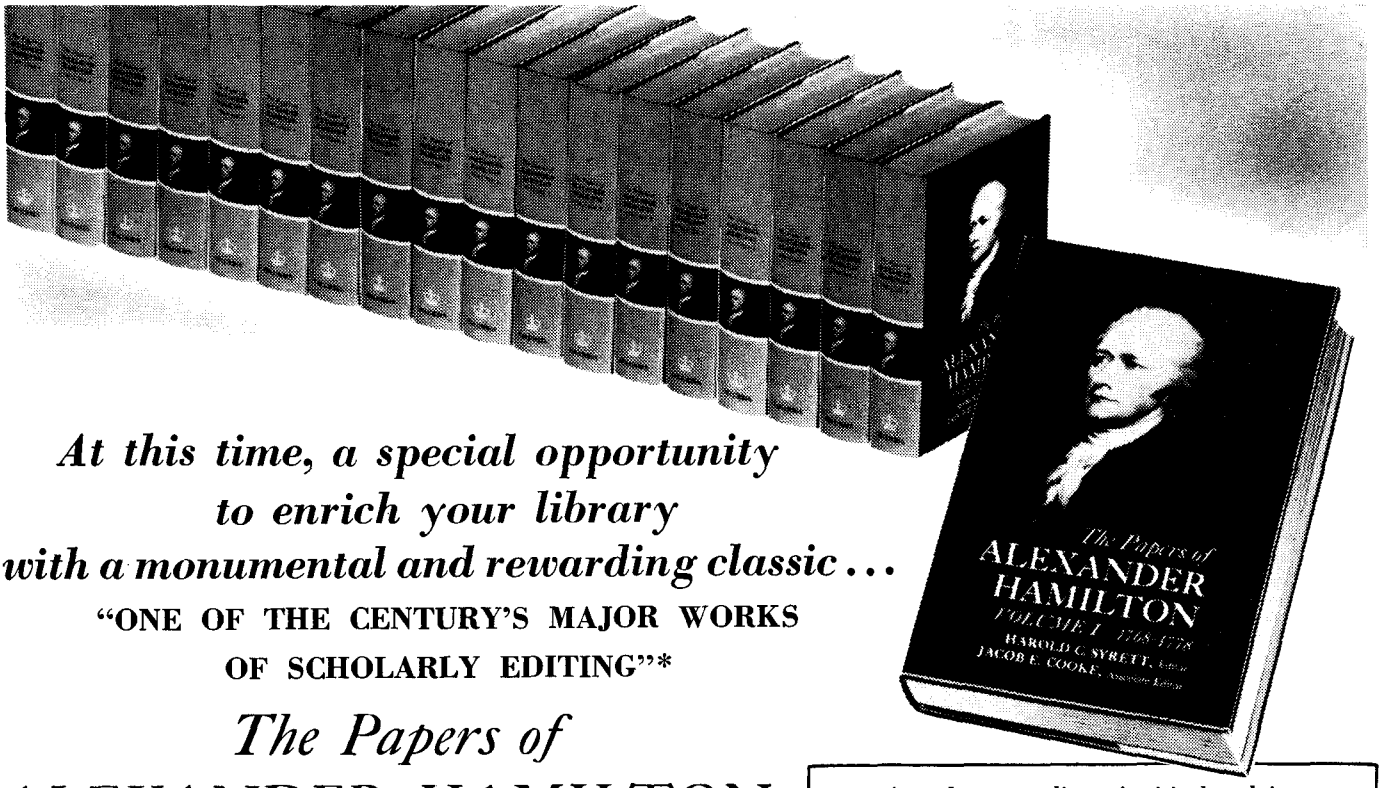

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at me, you're dressed as well as I am—he dressed quite shabbily, you know—and I said, but you're a great man and it doesn't matter how you look, but I'm only a little girl, and he laughed—how he laughed—his head thrown way back, but he understood and he waited for me to change my dress.

"What a great man he was! From the first I knew he was a great man—how my mother loved and revered him! But his infinite kindness toward children must have been his outstanding quality—his tenderness. I remember Sasha and I would run past the room where he wrote—up the front stairs and down the back stairs, again and again. I remember it now with shame. How we must have disturbed him! But he didn't call out to us. He didn't once ask us to stop. I sometimes wonder what he was writing just then—what we must have distracted him from. *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* had long since been published. So at least they were safe from us.

"I'm a great tease, as you know. Lev Nikolayevich had such a gesture—a mannerism—"

Nadia makes a small circle of her thumb and second finger and thrusts her right hand beneath the belt of her dress. "Lev Nikolayevich would put his hand like this under his belt—just so, holding his fingers this way, and I would say, look, Lev Nikolayevich has caught a flea. He's always catching fleas."

With her hand still in the position of Lev Nikolayevich catching fleas, she goes to the kitchen to joust with the food. Not long afterward, as night approaches, she comes back loaded down with delicacies. I marvel at the variety, and I can't fathom how she manages to provide it on her meager Social Security and the pittance she earns from a night-school class. Again, about her preparation of the meal as about her washing, there is an air of experiment and discovery: this might have been the first cauliflower or the first asparagus ever cooked, or the first chicken breast to be fried. The bounty of food on the table matches the peaks of books on the chairs and sofa. She dashes back to the kitchen for something she has forgotten; if serving or eating requires forks there will be none, only an array of spoons and knives; if we need spoons there will be only knives and forks. She motions me to the table from where I am sitting only a few inches away on the sofa. *"Passons à la salle à manger,"* she says grandly and smiles at her joke as she waves me toward a chair.

As she urges the food on me and settles down to table talk, she mentions the national and international crises that engulf us. But I want more memories of Tolstoy.

"Nadia, your special friend in the Tolstoy family was Alexandra, isn't that true?"

"Yes, Sasha. Sasha gave her life to her father—gladly, without any thought of herself. It was a generous thing. He needed her. She was his secretary. I remember when she was quite young she had such a feeling—most children have it at one time or another—that she was adopted and not a blood member of her family. I didn't mean to be unkind when she mentioned this fear to me, but it was so ridiculous. I said to her, Sasha, don't be foolish—look at Lev Nikolayevich's nose and then look at your own. Aren't they both exactly like a potato? How dare you suggest that Lev Nikolayevich isn't your father?"

"Was Alexandra the youngest of the children?"

"But no, Vanya was the youngest, a little boy. He died when he was—let's see—seven, of scarlet fever. He liked me so much and I liked him. I was his favorite. What fun we had together—all of us. All the wonderful games we played. I wonder if Americans have such a game as this one. All the boys line up in one room and the girls are excluded; then one by one the girls go in, and they must say which one of the boys they think has selected them, and if you guess right there is applause, but if you guess wrong what whistles, oh, what shame you feel! But I was always right because I knew Vanya had selected me. It was such a pleasant feeling to know that one had been selected. Vanya was fond of me—oh, so fond. When he was dying he had his treasures around him and my picture was among them. What a dear child he was! I can see him now doing the figures of the mazurka. What grace he had. How gentle he was, yet so manly. And how Sofya Andreevna—his mother—loved him.

"Sofya Andreevna—Lev Nikolayevich's wife—was so dear to children. So kind. And the exciting games she knew! There was no end to the diversions she managed for us children. I remember once she told us we were going to meet the Shah of Persia, and she made it sound true so that we really believed that we were going to see him, and she said our behavior must be absolutely perfect or he would snatch off our heads. Sofya Andreevna had made an eerie light out of salt and I don't know what else for the room where the Shah was to have his audience—the light flickered as if a soft wind blew against it, and we were terrified as we went one by one down the long hall toward the huge room with its shimmering light, and following us was Sofya Andreevna's warning whisper that we must behave properly and above all we must bow; if we could bow so low as to touch our foreheads to our knees, good; perhaps it would be best to kneel, or even to prostrate ourselves. Those of us waiting for our turn had little rehearsals practicing our bows so that we might see the Shah and yet save our heads, and I remember—"

But there is an interruption. Dogs begin to bark; barking breaks out all over the neighborhood like a rash on the smooth complexion of the early night, and Nadia's small dog Tiki barks, and Nadia's voice, already lowered by the delight of reminiscence, is overridden. I cannot hear what she is saying, but I see that she is laughing and her face wears the enchantment that it had long ago when she was a little girl and a guest in the Tolstoy home, and her hostess was playing a pleasant trick on the children, but I never learn the outcome of the trick because of dogs that are barking seventy years later.

Joy still lights Nadia's face, she looks like a little girl about to blow out candles from a birthday cake. "What a wonderful childhood I had!" she says. "How happy I was. You can't believe there was such happiness in this world."

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Mini-Men

DONALD A. ALLAN

THE TIME has come to expose the oft-stated and utterly mistaken proposition that the world is becoming too small for the human race. Most proposals for matching man's needs with the earth supply—such as increasing harvests scientifically, transforming bark and plankton into ersatz comestibles, oral contraceptives, and beehive urban housing—only serve to obscure the real nature of the problem.

The truth is not that the world is too small for the human race but that the human race is too big for the world. That is, each of us is fifty or sixty inches too tall and on the average well over a hundred pounds too heavy for optimum employment of this planet as our habitat. Once this elementary idea is understood, almost all the problems now besetting us become amenable to relatively easy solution. The answer, obviously, is to miniaturize mankind.

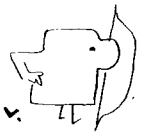
Fortunately, miniaturization is a peculiarly American triumph of technology, one that we have made a highly developed science. We have engraved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, bred diminutive poodles, fathered the ubiquitous transistor radio, made small ovens and grown smaller turkeys to fit them. We have bottled the world's smallest colossal olives. More recently we have packed midget television stations and a maze of other miniature equipment inside the modest nose cones of our smallish rockets, while the Russians, who do not have our Lilliputian know-how, were forced to build larger rocket engines.

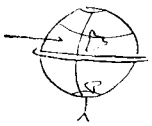
BUT it is now clear that we have been misapplying our talent for miniaturization. Instead of breeding toy poodles we should be breeding compact men—Mini-Men. The creation of a beautiful race of perfect beings just eighteen inches tall would solve all the problems of the population explosion—and much, much more.

In fact, nearly all our worries would be over, to wit:

Food: Reducing the stature of humanity by three-fourths would actually reduce food consumption, which is based on weight, by about nine-tenths. Thus world food supplies automatically would be increased some 1,000 per cent. The utility of one cow or one bushel of wheat (these would of course remain normal size) would be correspondingly increased. One apple a day would keep a whole Mayo Clinic of mini-medics away.

Prosperity: In the transition from the Age of the Big People to the Golden Era of Mini-Men every trace of the old world would be gradually obliterated. Every house, hamlet, town, and city would be razed, every road, ship, and Chevrolet destroyed. Everything, from forks to linotypes, would be melted down for scrap. And





as all these things would have to be remade in the harmonious proportions of the new era, there would be full employment for many years. Reconstruction would be systematic and would permit the planning of spacious cities filled with parks and free from blight. The intellectual challenge would stimulate many marvelous inventions and technological advances. With new horizons, man's mind—none the less fertile for being miniaturized—would feel the unfettered joy of taking part in the dawn of a new civilization.

War: Since there would be almost limitless *Lebensraum* for Mini-Men, and a superabundance of the good things of life, greed and the drive for conquest would be deprived of any rationalization. The international co-operation needed to bring about the miniaturization of the species and the concentration of the new race on the peaceful tasks of rebuilding the world would eliminate the likelihood of conflict. The Era of the Mini-Men would be a millennium.

Spiritual Values: All the great challenges to man's courage and highest aspirations would be presented anew. Mount Everest would await the first Mini-Hillary and Tiny-Tenzing. Mini-Maids would, in time, swim the English Channel. People would say it couldn't be done, but eventually the forty-minute mile would be run.

Even in our age of scientific marvels there will be doubters to ask, "How will all this be done?" The technicalities are problems for specialists in nuclear physics and genetics, but the broad answer is already in our grasp. Ironically, here once more we see how misapplication of our knowledge leads us astray. Dr. Edward Teller unwittingly pointed to the solution recently when he remarked that the mutations caused by radioactive fallout may not necessarily all be bad. Mutations, of course, have occurred throughout all of our millions of years on earth; we ourselves are products of them. Once the process of mutations is controlled, a race of Mini-Men could be bred by irradiating genes in an international sperm bank. The final generations of big people would, in exchange for being sterilized, be allowed to live out their days in pursuit of pleasure at government expense at resorts on the Black Sea and the Riviera and in the Caribbean.

In the beginning, of course, the miniaturization of man would place him at a seeming disadvantage when faced with such beasts as Doberman pinschers. Actually, these animals will be no more threat to Mini-Men than tigers are to big people. Eventually, such of these species as survive will be housed in zoos.

SOME intriguing questions remain for debate. Should monuments of the pre-Mini-Men ages be preserved such as the Parthenon and the cathedral at Chartres? Should a stock of big people be maintained on a reservation? These are matters best left for Mini-Men to decide themselves.

What is immediately needed if mankind is to survive, however, is a new perspective on the population problem. We have long been misguided by exhortations to "THINK BIG!" Henceforth let our slogan be "think small!"

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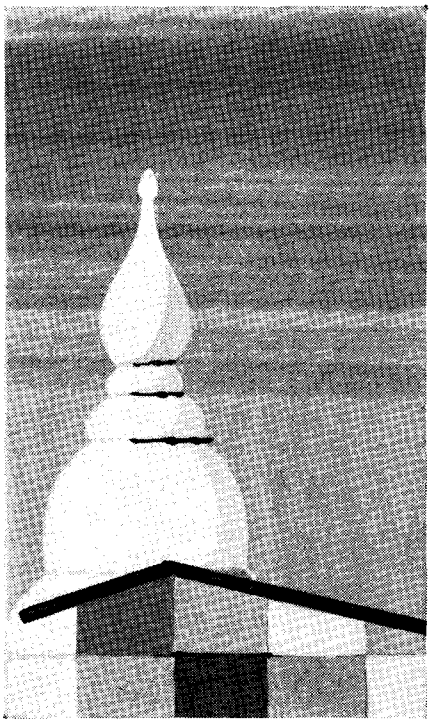

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Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

THORNTON WILDER believes, and has so stated, that the arena stage is the form best suited to dramatic art and that from now on he will write for no other. His three *Plays for Bleecker Street* can be seen from all angles and with great intimacy at the Circle in the Square, and it is easy to see why the form appeals to him and—at least theoretically—to us. I say theoretically, because it would seem a great aid to involvement: audience and actors are not separated by the conventions of a proscenium, movement is wholly fluid and no one is denied clear sight and hearing. Yet the fact remains that being able to touch an actor, to receive his gaze and grimace straight in the eye, can be technically interesting but also more embarrassing than involving. Content in any case is the determinant, and I think I would have found Mr. Wilder's second playlet, "Childhood," just as enchanting and his two other sketches, "Infancy" and the far inferior "Someone from Assisi," just as slight and incomplete on an ordinary stage as in the round.

The incompleteness, of course, is implicit, for "Infancy" and "Childhood" are part of a long cycle in progress called *The Seven Ages of Man*, and the third is from another cycle called *The Seven Deadly Sins*.

"Infancy" shows us two babies in prams presided over by a silly nurse and a hardly less foolish mother. Two young men play the babies, their heads encased in bonnets and their bodies painfully jackknifed under their blankets. Both are wild with frustration at being held back by stupid adults who deliberately retard their development. Their cries and whimpers gradually become recognizable talk—exasperated, hostile, and often very funny. Wilder has a good point in endowing infants wtih far more perception than their patronizing elders grant them. But the point is held too long, and José Quintero's direction seemed to me heavy-handed.

In "Childhood," however, the wisdom, warmth, and fantasy of Wilder at his best illuminate every phrase and gesture. It is about the special world of children, separated from the world of parents by an invisible barrier breached only infrequently by love. The three solemn children play their games, in this case one of death: they preside judiciously at the funeral of their parents. Then, as orphans, they board a bus bound for dangerous country with two strangers in whom they can freely confide: the driver strangely like their father, the lady in black strangely like their mother.

"Someone from Assisi" is supposed to concern lust in the series of sins, but if there is memory of it between a half-blind St. Francis and a mad Mona Lucrezia, it is far too dim to prevail. I was bothered most of the evening, in fact, by the feeling that Wilder should have waited to finish his cycles before exposing these fragments to view, however enticing some might be. Perhaps, on the other hand, re-establishment of contact with an audience after long solitary work becomes a necessity for a dramatist. Perhaps too, the audience needs reminders of a man who, unlike more facile playwrights, is very much "in the round."

THE TWO RECENT off-Broadway productions that have made theater come most alive—*Who'll Save the Plowboy?* and *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*—are both played in small, conventional houses, though "conventional" may not be the word for the Old Reformed Magyar Church that shelters the latter. The plays are very different, but both have the kind of vitality and acute observation of character that keeps an audience in suspense and involved.

In his first stage play (but with a craft learned from television and motion-picture scripts), Frank Gilroy, the author of *Plowboy*, presents us with the miserable marriage of Albert and Helen Cobb: he a cheap beer-drinking extrovert lout, she a bitter, wasted woman. He then introduces into the sterile squalor of their apartment an old war buddy, Larry, who saved Albert's life and has come to see whether his sacrifice (he is dying from old wounds) has been justified. Is "Plowboy"—the Army nickname for the soldier who yearned for a farm—happy? Was he worth saving? On this question, and on the elaborate deception played by the wretched couple to let Larry keep his illusions, the play resolves itself. Gilroy's dialogue is true and spare, the direction of his story inexorable, the slow unpeeling of Helen's damaged self original and moving. The Phoenix Theatre has not only picked a promising playwright but given him fine support.

Errol John may be a new name here, but his *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*, the prize winner of an *Observer* contest, has been presented on stage and radio and television in England, and played and published in Holland, Australia, Hungary, and the Argentine. That he is an actor as well is clear in the riches he bestows on his performers. Fierce matriarch, outrageous whore, adolescent girl, ambitious young man, humiliated father—to all Errol John gives pounding life and marvelous words. What is more, he makes this sun-drenched back yard in Trinidad—prison of the poor, shatterer of peace, huddle of the weak—into a whole world; a world without much hope from which only the very strong or the ruthless can escape. The whole cast is superb, which makes it hard to find an even better word for Vinnette Carroll as the dominant and invincible mother.

I FEAR that *A Passage to India* has not survived the passage to New York. Deprived of a Commonwealth audience, harmed by two sets that dissipate rather than contain feeling, Santha Rama Rau's sensitive adaptation of E. M. Forster's novel reveals its structural weaknesses far more than in London. One element remained constant: Zia Mohyeddin's marvelous performance of Dr. Aziz, the volatile Indian. And one element was far superior: Gladys Cooper's exquisite understanding of Mrs. Moore, who knew the nature of love.

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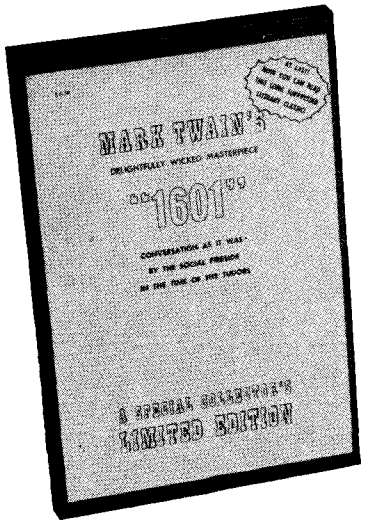

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RECORD NOTES

"Maria Callas Sings Great Arias from French Operas." Maria Callas, soprano; Orchestre National de la RDF, Georges Prêtre, cond. (*Angel* 35882, *mono and stereo.*)

Noting the progressive deterioration of her vocal prowess in the upper coloratura reaches, admirers of Maria Callas have recently been throwing out hints that she abandon Donizetti and Bellini and turn her attention to the long-dormant French lyric repertoire. Callas has often been called the greatest singing actress since Mary Garden. What could be more appropriate, then, than for her to make a new career in the old Garden roles? Herewith a first step in that direction—a collection of French arias ranging from Gluck to Charpentier by way of Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Gounod, Thomas, and Massenet. It is an impressive performance, particularly in the selections that lie comfortably within the mezzo-soprano range. The familiar Callas traits are well in evidence—her sense of timing and rhetorical accent, her ability to evoke a wealth of meaning from the enunciation of a single word, her careful yet imaginative musicianship—and they work as well for Orpheus and Delilah and Chimène (the indecisive heroine of Massenet's *Le Cid*) as for Medea and Norma and Violetta. Unfortunately, the change of repertoire has done nothing to change this singer's strident, tremolo-ridden top notes, and these tend to nullify her efforts to convey the clipped excitement of Juliet (in the "Waltz Song" from Gounod's opera) or the romantic outpourings of Louise (in the aria *"Depuis le jour"*). But there is more than enough good singing here to offset the bad. And how often these days can you hear French opera performed with this kind of conviction and artistry?

Debussy: Images pour Orchestre. Suisse Romande Orchestra, Ernest Ansermet, cond. (*London* CS 6225, stereo; CM 9293, mono.)

The pointillist orchestral technique of Debussy's middle years, in which instrumental sonorities are juxtaposed rather than blended, makes a stunning effect in stereo. It is as if a large canvas were stretched from one speaker to the other, with myriad daubs of color carefully pinpointed across its breadth. With its brilliant engineering, London's new recording of the three orchestral *Images* (*Gigues, Ibéria, Rondes de printemps*) takes precedence over other versions. Never has this music been captured on microgroove with such startling and seductive clarity. Of course, all this stereo expertise would count for little were it not allied to Ansermet's keen sense of orchestral balance and the precise articulation of the well-indoctrinated Suisse Romande players. As a bonus London also offers Stravinsky's austere *Symphonies for Wind Instruments,* which sounds better the more one hears it, and Ravel's saccharine *Pavane for a Dead Infanta,* which sounds worse.

De Menasce: Sonata for Viola and Piano, etc. Lillian Fuchs, viola; Artur Balsam, piano. (*Composers Recordings* CRI-154; *mono only.*)

Jacques de Menasce was a suave, witty, original, and generous man who contributed stimulatingly to the New York musical scene during the last two decades of his life (he died in 1960 at the age of fifty-four), and it is good to have this memorial recording devoted to four of his compositions. De Menasce was not a composer of overwhelming importance, but he wrote with great style and craftsmanship, and his music has an honesty and warmth that are immediately ingratiating. The Sonata for Viola and Piano, a mildly dissonant, rhapsodic piece in one movement, is the most distinguished work in this collection. It is performed with loving fervor by two of the composer's many friends.

"Sviatoslav Richter at Carnegie Hall" (Volume II). Sviatoslav Richter, piano. (*Columbia* M2L-274, *two records; mono only.*)

Although he did not know it at the time, Sviatoslav Richter was playing for a hidden microphone as well as for a capacity audience when he gave his long-awaited series of Carnegie Hall recitals in the fall of 1960. The documentation provided by that microphone is now being published by Columbia Records in a series of two-disc albums. They carry the imprimatur of Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, an agency which speaks for the Soviet Union in matters gramophonic. Whether they also carry the full blessing of Sviatoslav Richter is a moot point. No pianist relishes having his mistakes immortalized, and there are plenty of finger slips on these records. But his errors of execution are of minor account when balanced against the overwhelming communication of these concert performances. And although the microphone was not ideally placed, so that the recorded sound is at times fuzzy, at times jangling, Richter must recognize the artistic validity of an undertaking that provides posterity with an unglamorized documentation of a great event. Volume II in the series brings us the recital of October 25, 1960, when Richter addressed himself to the music of Haydn, Schumann, and Debussy. He starts off rather fumblingly with Haydn's Sonata No. 50 in C (he later averred that "I played it badly"), but thereafter his program is consistently wonderful. Richter's combination of reckless gusto and songful ardor in the Three Novelettes, Op. 21, of Schumann, the way in which he shepherds us through their changes of pace and mood, defies description. This is as close to ideal Schumann as it is possible to get. The Debussy—*Suite Bergamasque*, the first book of *Images, L'Ile Joyeuse*—seemed at the time even more incredible, perhaps because it was so unexpected. (Richter's previous recordings had already established him as a superb interpreter of Schumann, but there had been no hint of his affinity for French music.) The Debussy seems just as incredible on this delayed rehearing—an amalgam of warmly vibrant tone and delicately sculptured expression.

Another memento of Richter's visit in 1960 is furnished by RCA Victor—in the form of a studio recording of the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 1 with the Boston Symphony under Munch (LM/LSC 2544, mono or stereo). This is a masterfully controlled, intelligently conceived interpretation, and it is recorded with great clarity and presence, but it does not fully capture the dynamic excitement of the artist's concert performances. —Roland Gelatt

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BOOKS

'Haunted by Wilderness'

PERRY MILLER

FRANCIS PARKMAN, by Howard Doughty. *Macmillan. $6.50.*

With engaging modesty, Mr. Doughty apologizes that his study of Francis Parkman is a "quixotic" undertaking because he is not himself "an historian, either professional or amateur—and even as a layman no more than a casual reader of history." But such modesty can be overdone. Mr. Doughty has written a book that any sort of historian, professional or amateur, would give his eyeteeth to emulate.

Mr. Doughty's main concern, he announces, is with Parkman's histories, not with the biography. But he also makes sufficiently clear that Parkman's experiences, his exploration of the New England wilderness, his fantastic invitation to agony along the Oregon Trail, and his lifelong struggle with a devastating variety of neurotic torments that he named "the enemy" are essential parts of any account of how the books got written. Doughty gives the full savagery of Parkman's demonic being. Yet that story has been told. What nobody had yet done, and what here is beautifully done, is to set forth the drama of the ideas, concepts, and stylistic devices through which this ferocious invalid projected onto paper, in rhetorical structures that forever haunt the aspiring American historian, the saga of the wilderness.

PARKMAN was a child of Unitarian Boston, a Brahmin if ever there was one, who instinctively rejected the civilized genteel and aligned himself with the wilderness. Before the end of his sophomore year at Harvard he had formed the resolution to write the history of the "Old French War," but in such a way that it would be in truth the history of the American forest. "My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted by wilderness images day and night."

In Parkman's day the new literature of Romanticism had popularized a cult of "Nature" which found charms in landscape that the previous age had not perceived. Young Parkman read with characteristic passion both Scott and Cooper, and particularly relished what generally seem to us their most tiresome passages, their word-painting of scenery. And in America, of course, where we had no medieval ruins or castles or cathedrals, there was all the more reason to pride ourselves on the vast amount of still unspoiled nature we possessed. But Parkman, though assuredly a Romantic, was not merely that. He had the romanticist's appetite for the picturesque, but he also was driven by some more destructive desire to match himself with nature, to grasp it in its terror as well as in its beauty. In this sense his work is entirely American, for it is no idyllic conception. It was, in the most profound sense of the word, a tragic vision.

Parkman spent four crucial years of his boyhood rambling about the Middlesex Fells, which even today, though sliced by asphalt roads, provide a rendezvous with primitive New England. When he was brought back to the house in Boston, the experience had already, as Mr. Doughty puts it, "set up a tension of opposites that henceforth ruled his life, shaping it, if at cost and pain, to centrally creative ends." It was at the center of this tension that Parkman lived and it is also what he wrote about. The tension was exemplified in the very substance of his prose. On the one hand he had a consuming "instinct for fact," and on the other an equally powerful "instinct for imaginative creation." The conflict between the detail and the generalization, the specific and the idea, is the stylistic manifestation of his theme, which is the conflict between nature and civilization, the death struggle of wilderness to prevent the inevitable march of the course of empire.

The first book written for the historical series, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, tells what ultimately would be the last chapter in the chronological narrative. It endeavored, Parkman said in 1851, "to portray the American forest and the American Indian at the period when both received their final doom." As Parkman constantly enlarged his capacity to create his forest images, the tragic tones of the theme are augmented. For as Mr. Doughty unfolds it, this is not merely a conventional opposition of the natural and the civilized but "the image of a conflict within the ethos of civilization itself." The wilderness is a symbol of forces, benign or malign, that the nineteenth century overlooked in its calculus of the human spirit. "Yet this wilderness, as a metaphor of human nature," Mr. Doughty points out, "is also a metaphor of civilization itself, which misconceives its own meaning if it ignores these dualities." By mobilizing his own sets of dualities, by giving them full play even though they should destroy him, Parkman showed in his epic that evil is not to be exorcised by exterminating the Indian and felling the forest, for "civilization in taming the wilderness nevertheless inherits the pain, cost, and conflict inherent, precisely, in the nature of things." The discordances of civilization are thus seen as "the price of the intervention of Mind and Will in the primary order of Nature, as man reshapes it to his own scale," until the final revelation of the tragedy in our own irrevocable "imbalance."

THOSE WHO ENJOY Parkman simply for the scenes of action and of beauty, or for the creation of such characters as La Salle and Frontenac, may object that Mr. Doughty is reading some weird, mystagogical nonsense of his own into the straightforward, eminently masculine, and uncomplicated historian. My brief summary does not do justice to the deftness and sympathy with which he probes for meanings beneath the surface. And no devotee of Parkman more relishes the stylistic flourishes and the dramatic movement. Indeed, in his effort not to do violence to Parkman, he goes over and over his points until a reader feels that the one defect of the book is its repeti-

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tion. That, and an unfortunate tendency to work to death the adjective "kinetic" to describe the prose. But by long living with Parkman's mind, Mr. Doughty has acquired a firm grasp of its configurations; and far from foisting a subjective reading upon the author, he draws into explicit utterance his most delicate nuances. We always knew that Parkman is one of the ornaments of American literature, but before this study we did not realize just how glorious he really is.

Forty Years Of Anti-Fascism

MASSIMO SALVADORI

MUSSOLINI'S ENEMIES, by Charles F. Delzell. *Princeton University. $12.50.*

The passing of time and new situations have made Italian Fascism pretty dead by now, even if it is not quite buried. But the loves and hates born of Fascism still influence the thoughts and actions of those who have lived through the Fascist experience and are today, in or out of power, Italy's ruling class. When crises arise, friendships and enmities of twenty and thirty years ago play their role, next to all kinds of interests, loyalties, and aspirations. During the constitutional crisis of the late spring of 1960, those who had approved of Fascism were on one side of the barricade and those who had opposed it on the other. Something similar is happening in relation to the "opening to the Left" (the co-operation between Socialists and Christian Democrats) that now dominates the Italian political stage. To understand the relationships between political forces in 1962, it is helpful to have a knowledge of what happened before 1945. Professor Delzell's well-documented, accurate, and imposing volume is therefore particularly valuable.

The accidents of war landed young Charles Delzell in Italy. He learned Italian and endeavored to understand what was going on. He came to know people whose names hardly

she has a right to live

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anyone had heard until then, opponents of Fascism many of whom had spent years behind bars or in bitter exile. Now they were leading the fight against the Germans and their Fascist allies, and out of the chaos and ruin left by the dictatorship were creating—more soundly than many expected—a new democratic order. After the war, Delzell returned to Italy and studied in Naples under the guidance of Federico Chabod at the institute of history founded by Croce. Years of thorough and perceptive research have borne fruit in a book that Americans interested in present-day Italy will value highly.

ITALIAN anti-Fascism had included, broadly speaking, the opposition in Parliament, in the press, or even in the streets, of the pre-Fascist political parties at the time of the rise and consolidation of Fascist totalitarianism. In a more restricted sense, anti-Fascism consisted of those who took part in clandestine activities against the dictatorship and those who chose exile abroad or at home. (It may seem strange to speak of exile at home, but no other word can describe the life of near-total isolation of those who were known to have refused any compromise with Fascism.) Anti-Fascism begins, as Delzell recognizes, with the short-lived publications of 1922-1926 in which, before being killed or arrested or driven underground and into exile, people like Gobetti, Parri, Rosselli, Bauer, Salvemini, Rossi, Nenni, and Gramsci expressed their views. It continues with the activities of the members of the underground, of the exiles. For twenty years the story of Mussolini's enemies, great and small, is a story of bitterness, frustration, and suffering; a story—why deny it?—of abnegation and heroism. There was weakness too: it is not easy to stand steadfast against what at the time is considered "the wave of the future."

Italian anti-Fascism was not a cohesive movement, either as action or ideology. There were different levels of action, from the quietism (to use Delzell's expression) of Croce, Einaudi, and De Gasperi to the activism of those who organized attempts against Mussolini's life or who went, as several hundreds did, to Spain to die for the Spanish Republic. Ideological positions varied from the conservatism of Catholics and monarchists to Communism and anarchism. However, two main groups emerged in the underground and among the exiles: a democratic one largely grouped around *Justice and Liberty*, founded in 1929, and the Communist Party. Then as now the Socialists were often torn between the two.

Mussolini's enemies—in the restricted sense mentioned above—were only a small minority in the Italian nation, but not so small as foreigners thought. What did anti-Fascism achieve? Nothing, maintained the Fascists and their friends at the time. A good deal, we know now. First of all, it kept ideas and ideals alive; it gave cohesion and purpose to the armed Resistance of 1943-1945; it provided the foundation on which the Italian Republic was created in 1946. Abroad, the exiles kept the public informed about the real nature of Fascism and helped to check Fascist influence among the millions of Italian emigrants and their descendants in many countries, from France and Tunisia to the United States and the Argentine.

The allied invasion of July, 1943, caused the collapse of the Fascist dictatorship. But this was not the end. Germans still occupied a large part of Italy, and Fascism was far from dead. There was hard fighting, particularly after the withdrawal of the four divisions that participated in the landing in southern France. In Italy the allies were often outnumbered, so that the co-operation of the Resistance became an invaluable asset. Various motivations led young people and many not so young to join partisan bands in the mountains and to engage in sabotage in the cities. It became the function and the duty of the anti-Fascists to bind hundreds of separate initiatives into a united movement, to create an organization, to give a distinctive politico-military character to the Resistance. This was done between the summer of 1943 and June, 1944. With the creation of a nation-wide Movement of National Liberation and, in enemy-occupied territory, with the absorption of partisans in the Corps of Freedom Volunteers, Mussolini's enemies ensured the transition from dictatorship to democracy.

Diligent Lecher

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE PRODIGAL RAKE: MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY. Edited by Peter Quennell. *Dutton. $6.50.*

William Hickey, born in 1749, never knew that he would be called an eighteenth-century rake. That is to say, he was not a man to think in terms of centuries—his interests were in today's bottle, tonight's woman, tomorrow's hangover—and the only political event he seems ever to have noticed was the American Revolution, which he and his friends toasted in champagne and in honor of which they named their sailing boat the *Congress*. A sense of continuity, however, was provided him by repeated though lighthearted concern for what he called "venereal taints," which caused him to undergo the rigors of the mercury treatment but did not deter him from "frequenting . . . nocturnal haunts, sitting up whole nights committing every degree of folly and excess." He also worried about money.

His father, an Irishman, had succeeded in London as a lawyer to the extent of possessing a town house and a country estate on which a lawn descended pleasantly to the Thames. Few fathers have suffered more patiently over a son. When William was still a child, it was found advisable to dismiss a nursemaid who was attempting to teach young William certain pleasures it was deemed too early for him to know about. While still a schoolboy at Westminister, William, upon being tipped a guinea by a kind gentleman, employed it to seek out his former nursemaid, his "wanton little bedfellow," and take her to the theater: "There was I a hopeful sprig of thirteen, stuck up in a green box, with a blazing whore." Soon thereafter the elder Hickey was made accustomed to finding his son bruised, battered, and out cold in the mornings, having been brought home by considerate friends from his excursions to the great city's more battlesome bagnios.

No school of course could hold William's attention. As he reached the maturity of his early teens, Wil-

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liam's pleasures became more costly: a gentleman has his obligations, after all. Which was the best inn? His friends would debate the relative merits of the meat, the fish, the wines, the tablecloth, the glasses, the silver service, the room upstairs, and soon William would be having thirty to dine. The bill was always high, even if customarily a number of guests fell from their chairs before they had finished their meals and had to be carted off. To pay for his parties, William committed what he tried to think of as mere indelicacies but what in fact was plain thieving from his father. His father was heavily noble about it; he forgave. Perhaps he saw that William was really a little stupid and in a way quite innocent: William enjoyed rowing on the Thames; he sailed bravely in the Channel; he was generous and a peacemaker; he stood up to the notorious "Mohawk" gang that terrorized the town; he was kind to his fancy women, which is why they preferred him to their rich protectors.

But finally his father concluded that something had to be done. Influence was brought to bear with the East India Company: William was caparisoned from head to toe by the most expensive military outfitters and at the age of nineteen was packed off to Madras. What are colonies for?

William did not like Madras. A year later he was home again—back, that is, to the brothels and the dining clubs, enjoying life and running up debts. After five years he was sent to Jamaica. William did not like Jamaica. In 1782—this time more or less finally—he was shipped out once again to India, accompanied by a darling stolen from a friend; though he did not marry her, she agreed for convenience' sake to bear his name. As in *Manon Lescaut*, he loved her dearly but she died—not, however, before their ship survived a hurricane and was captured by the French.

The British raj in those days provided for a certain margin of wastage. In Bengal, William had sixty-three servants and found it easy to put aside the savings with which he later retired to England to write his memoirs. The worth of his life lies wholly in the telling.

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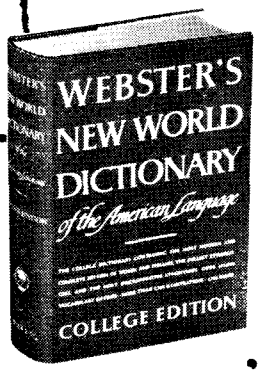

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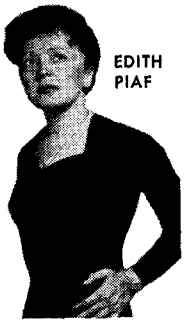

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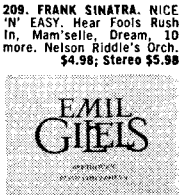

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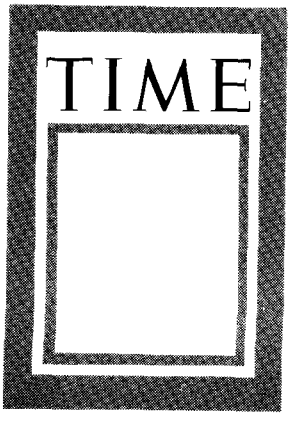

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